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A LITTLE SPRING.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A little spring had lost its way along the grass and fern,
A passing stranger scooped a well, where weary man might turn;
He walled it in and hung with care a ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did, but judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well, by summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues and saved a life beside.

A DEAD HEART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "DORA THORNE," "A GOLDEN DAWN," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

AT THE first military station I came to I learned that the Red Lancers had gone home. I longed so intently to see Miriam that I took no precautions; I did not trouble about establishing my identity. I went to one of the superior officers who did not in the least doubt my story, and gave me funds to take me home. No thought but of Miriam entered my mind. I had ceased to care about glory or fame; I never stopped to wonder what would be said to me or thought of me: all I cared for was once more to see the face that had bewitched me, once more to hear the sound of her voice, once more to look at her, even should I die at her feet.

The hour was coming. The good ship rode proudly over the seas; every wave, seemed to carry me nearer to my darling; every cloud, every sunbeam, every fresh swell of the water, brought me a message from her. I stood for whole hours on deck, watching the waves and dreaming of my love; and in my dreams she was always true to me, always fair and sweet as I left her. True, it was nearly three years since I went away, and during those three years she must have believed me dead. Yet she was true to me, my constant faithful darling. No one, whether I was living or dead, could take her heart from me. Lovers might crowd round her, riches, honors, everything that life holds most dear, might be offered to her; but she would be true to me in death as in life. I remembered that she had once said to me—

"Hulbert, I wonder whether I shall die before you."

"I hope," I said, "Heaven in mercy will take me first."

Then she raised her sweet face to mine and said—

"If I die first, Hulbert, I shall wait for you just inside the golden gates; and if you die first, my darling, you must wait there until I come. I shall not be long."

"You will never love any one else, Miriam?" I said. A light that was not of earth came over her face.

"No," she answered simply; "I have belonged to you in this life, and I will be yours in the next."

After those solemn words I knew that lovers might plead in vain. My darling's heart was mine, for time and eternity—mine, and no other's.

So the good ship sped on, and each hour brought us nearer home. I pictured to myself that meeting: it would be quite the middle of December before we reached England, and I remember what December was like in my native land. I could see the weird winter beauty of Glen Forest. I knew how Lime Cottage would look, with snow on the roof and icicles on the eaves. I pictured myself knocking at the door, and then kissing Miriam's face. Oh, Heaven, speed the time: send the good ship fair winds, and let me see my love soon!

I had not a doubt—not a shade of fear, any more than a dying child fears the kind face of its Father in Heaven. We landed at last. I never stopped to think of myself, to remember that my beard and moustache were the growth of many months, and disguised me so that my darling could not know me; I never thought of the crimson scar, of the change in my face. My heart was on fire.

I wanted Miriam, only Miriam—my love, my darling, now so near to me. It was Christmas Eve, and I should see her before night. I had but to take the train from London to Carnsore, and then walk on to Glen. Even the train went slowly—steam was not quick enough. I chafed with impatience. People looked at me, some with a smile, some with wonder. I heeded nothing; but at times a great quiet came over me, a wonderful calm. I was holding Miriam's hand in mine, and kissing her face. I held her clasped to my heart, and heard her bid me thrice welcome home. I cried, "My wife, my darling, I have gone through the darkness of death, but have lived for you!" Then I woke only to feel my impatience the greater.

At last we reached Carnsore, and every spot was familiar to me. It was the noon of Christmas Eve, and the station was crowded. No one knew me; but, ah, some one not far away was thinking of me, even though she believed me dead! I shall never forget the walk from Carnsore to Glen. The winter sun shone on the hoar-frost, the red berries glistened on the holly-tree, the sky was blue, the air clear, keen, and cold. I knew every step of the way. How often I had walked it, morning and evening—how often with Miriam by my side, holding her hand in mine!

I could not walk quickly enough. Oh, fair Christmas Eve, how your hours dragged! I reached the forest, and then I believe my senses left me. I remember calling, "Miriam, Miriam!" and the name echoing through the forest and over the trees. I remember hot tears falling from my eyes as I thanked Heaven that I had escaped from the land of captivity to my love. Then I saw the cottage, the lime-trees, the church.

They were just as I had seen them in my dreams. No fragrance of Indian flowers, no scorch of Indian sun came to me now, but the bracing breath of the winter wind, and the light rustle of the shining hoar frost. In five minutes she would be in my arms; there was only one meadow to cross, and then——

I said to myself that I must be calm, that I must not tremble and shake and shudder, that I should frighten my darling if I did so.

I stood at the door, my heart beating, my brain burning, my face all flushed, my hands trembling. Oh, Miriam, my love, love! I heard the sound of the bell, and I remembered it. I heard light footsteps. Would they be hers? And then the door was opened. Oh, no; it was not Miriam—not Miriam, but a neat servant-maid who stood before me, looking with wonder at my bronzed bearded face. Twice I tried to speak, but all sound died on my lips. At length a voice, quite unlike my own, asked was Mr. Dacre at home, and could I see him. The maid opened her eyes in wonder.

"Mr. Dacre," she replied, "has been dead two years." That was the first blow. "He died quite suddenly," she said; "the doctors said it was heart-disease."

"Can I see Mrs. Dacre?" I asked.

"She keeps her room, sir, and sees no one: she has been ill for years."

A dreadful fear came over me, a cold, stony dread, a horror that had no name. I felt that I could not ask for Miriam. Yet what folly; she would be by her mother's side. I looked at the girl, my heart was on my lips. Oh, the unutterable suspense of that moment!

"I am sorry to hear it," I said. "Can I see Miss Dacre?"

And a chime of bells seemed playing "Miriam May Dacre, sweet Miriam May." The girl smiled; the smile crept from her eyes to her lips: this was evidently a brighter theme.

"There is no Miss Dacre, sir," she replied. "Miss Dacre married Sir Aleck Glen nearly two years ago."

I stood quite still, but I remember that the words stabbed me through the heart just as a sharp sword would have done, that the world seemed suddenly to have fallen in ruins. I stood there dazed, dead in all but the miserable life which would not leave me. The sudden terrible trembling of my own frame recalled me to myself; the very smart of my pain brought the anguish of life back to me.

"Are you quite sure?" I asked. "Is there no mistake?"

"No, sir. I saw her married—I lived here then. Miss Dacre is Lady Glen of Atherstone, and very happy she is."

"Happy," I gasped—"happy, while she thought me dead! Married two years ago, when she believed me dead!"

Still the girl stood looking at me, and I—I was helpless to move or stir.

"You look ill, sir. Will you walk in while I get you something?" she asked.

"No, I will not stay, thank you. You say that Mr. Dacre is dead, Mrs. Dacre ill, and Miss Dacre married—there is no mistake."

"None, sir. But Atherstone Hall is not far from here: if you were a friend of Mr. Dacre's, my lady will be pleased to see you."

I turned away: I could not speak. "My lady" meant Miriam, my wife, my love. I went back to Glen Forest, and fell on my face.

CHAPTER X.

I fell on my face, and lay there. This was the end of my love, my toils, my labors, my life. Never more should I care to rise from the ground or raise my miserable face to the bright skies. Never more should I care to join the world of men, to talk, to smile, to sleep, to eat, to laugh, to weep. If the white, soft snow would but fall and hide me from my human eyes for ever! Never lay human being so crushed, so desolate as I. A stupor like that of death came over my senses: the very smart of my pain seemed to have numbed me.

Then a sudden revulsion of feeling came to me. It could not be true, it was not true: it was a monstrous invention, a detestable falsehood! Madman that I was, to believe the word of a country girl against Miriam's truth and Miriam's faith. There was some mistake—Miriam was mine. She would never marry Sir Aleck Glen. She did not like him: she would not believe that he was good; she had told me so herself. To think that she, my pure, proud love, would marry him! I rose from the ground; the blood seethed like fire through my veins. I would go at once to Atherstone, and discover the truth for myself.

The afternoon was fast waning into night; the air seemed full of soft, brooding mystery. Christmas Eve is never the same as other days; the sky and the trees, the stars and the fields, the wind and the snow, all seem different. I went through the forest to the road for Atherstone. The Hall stood in the midst of beautiful undulating grounds, a stately mansion. I looked at it with wonder.

Was my darling there—my Miriam, my love? Was she mistress of this superb place? Was she the wife of its proud owner? He had forbidden me to go there, but I would go in search of my lost love. Heaven help him if he crossed my path! Heaven save him if against him I raised my right arm! I opened the park gates, and went on to the lodge; a woman came out, and asked me if I had business there. I said, "Yes, and very important business too." She was a kindly woman, and the sound of my voice—that hoarse, awful voice, which was not like that of any human being—seemed to startle her.

"You look very ill, sir," she said. "Will you walk in and sit down? I will get you some water or milk." She looked wonderingly at the great crimson scar and the long beard. "You are from foreign parts, sir?" she said. And I answered "Yes."

I went in, thinking it quite possible that she might say something about Sir Aleck. I sat down in the clean, bright room, gaily decorated with Christmas evergreens, and she brought me a glass of fresh, sweet milk.

"I have been ill," I said, "and you are very good to me."

"I have a son, sir, in foreign parts," she said, "and it makes me feel for everybody. You look very ill."

I told her how many months I had lain ill with a fever and my many wounds; then I asked her about Sir Aleck, how long he had been married. I did not mention my darling's name: it seemed to me too sacred to pass my lips.

"He has been married," she answered, "over two years."

"Whom did he marry?" was my next question. And the woman's face brightened.

"A Miss Dacre, sir, the daughter of the curate of Glen. She is the most beautiful woman, they say, in England—but she does not look the happiest."

"Why?" I asked abruptly.

"I cannot tell. I heard that she married him against her will; and I have heard too that she loved some handsome young soldier who was killed in the wars. People do say that she cried on her wedding-morning, and begged them to let her go free."

If that was true, I swore to myself, he should answer for it with his miserable life. If he had forced her, or coerced her, or threatened her, or persecuted her, I would slay him. The good woman was only too delighted to prattle to a willing listener. She went on.

"When she was first married, my lady walked out very often in the park, but always alone. I do not think she was happy, because her eyes were wet with tears. She walks here now; but she has her daughter with her, a pretty child, just able to walk, and my lady adores her. I do not believe in gossip, but I have heard people say Sir Aleck is not kind to his wife."

"Not kind!" I cried. Ah, if it were true—if it were true, I would kill him!

"Sir Aleck is very fond of her, I do know that; he worships the ground she walks on; but the servants say he is always cross and impatient because she does not love him enough. They drove through the park to Carnsore this afternoon, and I expect them back every minute. You would like to see my lady: she has the sweetest face in all the world."

Like to see "my lady!" Why, I would go through fire or stormy seas only to look at the face I loved!

"I should like to see her," I replied; and as I spoke the words we heard the sound of carriage-wheels. The woman rose quickly.

"I must go," she said. "Stand by the window there, and you will see my lady."

"May Heaven help me!" I prayed from the depths of an anguished heart. I had seen her last in the garden at Glen. I held her sweet hands, I kissed her sweet mouth and I called her my wife. I pledged my faith to her, and she had left warm kisses and warm tears on my face. Now, trembling and faint, I went to the window and saw her again—yes, saw her again.

There was a faint light in the western sky; there was a group of tall, bare trees; the great iron gates were surmounted with a couchant. There was the carriage with its pair of handsome grays, a coachman and a footman—over these my eyes wandered slowly. There was a tall handsome man with a fur coat. My eyes lingered on him, and my right hand was clenched; and then slowly, for I was frightened at my own pain—slowly, for I dreaded it, I looked and saw "my lady"—saw a slight figure wrapped in fur, and a sweet, sad face looking drearily over the trees—saw the face I had loved, the lips I had kissed, the eyes that had always looked lovingly on me—saw the dear hands I had held in mine—saw my love as I left her. My heart went out from me, my strength failed me. I drew back with an exceedingly bitter cry. Oh, love, never to be mine again! Oh, love, gone from me for evermore! There were darkness and silence. How long did it last? I remember no more until the woman's voice roused me.

"You fainted, sir," she said. "You are hardly fit to be out of doors."

"Are they gone?" I asked.

"Yes. Sir Aleck stopped to give me a message for my husband, and my lady gave me a sovereign." She opened her hand and showed me a golden coin lying in it. "My lady is always good," she said: "every one loves her. What did you think of her, sir?"

"She is very beautiful," I said.

Who knew her beauty, her grace, and her loveliness, as I did? With hurried thanks I hastened out. I looked round. Whither should I go? What should I do? Where could I hide my misery—where cry out my anguish—where suffer my intolerable pain? There seemed to be no mercy for me in the clear, sweet heavens, no pity on the bare earth.

I went to the forest, and stayed there until Christmas Day broke in the skies, and returned once more to look at the sad sweet face of my lost love. My long illness followed; and then Abel Blithe asked me if I would go to the Hall. So I held my life in my hands. I could go there, watch over her, wait upon her, be near her always, and wear out my life in silent anguish; or I could go far away where I should never hear of her or see her again. Which should I do? I thought long and anxiously over it. What puzzled me most was why she had married Sir Aleck. I could not understand it. No one could have compelled her against her will; no one could have forced her. Why then had she married him? It must have been almost directly after my death was announced in the papers. If she really loved me as I honestly believed, why did she show such little respect for my memory as to marry immediately? If she were happy what was the meaning of that far-off look on her face, and that sad expression in her dreamy eyes? Why did she walk "always alone?" I brooded over it morning and night, but the mystery baffled me. Why had she married Sir Aleck? I must find out. Perhaps, when I knew that, I might go away and never see her again—but not yet, not yet!

I went to Abel Blithe when a few days had passed by, and told him that I most gratefully accepted his offer, and would be glad to learn all that he could teach me at Atherstone Park.

CHAPTER XI.

THE morning came when I walked by Abel Blithe's side to the park. He talked cheerily to me; he shook hands with me when we entered the gardener's shed.

"It may come a little hard at first," he said, "as you have been a gentleman born; but the man who works hard is an honest man. Adam was the first gentleman, to my mind, and he dug and sowed, planted and reaped. You will like the work in time."

"I am sure of it," I answered; "but do not put me to-day near the house. Let me get used to my position first."

He gave me work in the kitchen-garden, and very soon I was busy tilling the ground of the man I hated. I did not dislike it, and I worked hard; worked until I realized what the words, "tiller of the soil" meant. It was a shock, but no surprise to me, when I saw Sir Aleck talking to Abel, and giving him instructions about the ferneries. I felt his eyes on me, and I heard him say—

"Who is that great bearded man, Blithe?" But Abel's answer I did not hear. It must have been satisfactory, for presently he strolled down to me, smoking his cigar. He nodded as I touched my cap to him.

"I am glad to see you here, Smith," he said. "You have had a long illness: you must be glad to get out again." I thanked him by a silent bow. He seemed to have a strange fancy for talking to me.

"You had all attention, I hope? Blithe is a good-hearted man. Her ladyship has taken a kindly interest in you, too."

I am thankful now that I restrained the impulse which bade me knock him down. I murmured that I was grateful, and that her ladyship had been kind.

He put his hand into his pocket, and I was so terribly afraid that he was going to give me something, that I hastened away.

"Shall you like your work?" asked Abel that evening as we went home side by side.

I told him it would suit me well, and I begged of him that on the morrow I might begin that which he really wished me to do.

So on the morrow he took me to her ladyship's garden. It was a large piece of ground surrounded by a high wall, so that no curious eyes could intrude. A group of walnut trees was at one end, and at the other stood a grand old cedar. Under the cedar a table and chairs had been placed for her ladyship's convenience. There was a little stool, and on it lay a half-dismembered doll. Into the solemn, sweet sanctuary we entered with reverent hearts. Said Abel to me in a low voice—

"This is my lady's favorite spot. You must keep the grass clear and the seats nice. I need not tell you, when she sits here reading or thinking, to work as much as you can, out of sight. There was no need to tell me that. "She comes here very often," he continued. "Sometimes she leaves her books and her work behind her. I always take them to the house. Generally she sits thinking. "I wonder of what my lady thinks!" He showed me some fine carnations broken at the stem, and laughed. "This is Miss Baby's doing," he said. "You must not lose patience with her. My lady loves her so dearly, and smiles when Missie breaks off the flowers."

Lose patience with Miriam's child! Ah well; he did not know!

"There are several things that want doing here," he continued. "You will find a week's full work, and then you must take an hour every day. Now I will show you the lawn flowers."

Then I saw Atherstone Hall in all its glory of white terraces, tall towers, long windows and superb gardens—a home of which a duke might have been proud. A long terrace that lay on the west of the house, was allotted to my care, together with the lawn which her ladyship's window overlooked. I understood all that Abel told me, although each sense was watching and waiting for traces of my my darling. I said to myself that I could bid my passionate heart lie still, if I could trample under foot the desire for revenge, the intense love and longing, the heaven of her presence might still be mine. I might never speak to her or hear her voice; but I should see her, and to one who loves truly, that means much. I lived now in alternate bliss and torture, always in the hope of seeing her, always with the deadly anguish of knowing that she belonged to Sir Aleck.

The first morning she came into the garden brought me one of the greatest trials of my life. It was in August, and the great red roses were at their sweetest, the tall white lilies at their fairest, the carnations, the mignonnette, the purple heliotrope, the sweet peas, all in perfection. I was busy weeding a bed of geraniums, when I heard the door opened that led from the lawn. I knew it was Miriam; no one else had a key. A great calm came over me; it was as though an angel had entered unawares. I heard the light footsteps, but I did not look up. Minute after minute passed. I never turned my head, and yet, to the very core of my heart, I was conscious of her sweet presence. Then, after a time I looked around. It was Miriam, never "my lady" to me, but always Miriam May Dacre. She was walking slowly between the white lilies, and they were no fairer, no sweeter than she. She wore a long trailing dress of white muslin with rich cream-colored ribbons and white lace. She had thrown a square of white lace over her head. As she passed the lilies she bent down to inhale the fragrance, and I saw her kiss the leaves. She did not look happy, but she had grown more lovely. There was more refinement, more dignity, more queenly grace in Lady Glen than there had been in Miriam May Dacre.

The geraniums had fallen from my hands. I could do nothing but follow her with my eyes. She went from the lilies to the shade of the cedar tree. She sat down in one of the pretty little garden chairs, and opened a book; but her eyes never once fell on the page. She was looking over the trees far away.

Was she thinking of me, my lost dear dear love? Suddenly, through the sunlit air, came the sound of the Glen Bells. We had heard them and loved them a hundred times together. I saw her start and grow pale; I saw her dark eyes dilate and fill with tears; I saw her lips quiver, and then she knelt down in the grass, and laying her golden head against the rugged seat, she wept as though her heart would break—passionate, despairing tears, bitter, hopeless sobs. Oh, my darling, each sound was a sword in my heart! Yet I dared not speak to her or go near her while my senses were still my own. I went away: another moment, and I should have forgotten reason, prudence, loyalty and honor. I should have flown to her, and clasping her in my arms, have kissed the tears away. During the rest of that day I was like one mad, like one possessed. I could not forget that face with its look of intense sadness, and the raining tears.

Nor could I understand such sorrow. If she loved and regretted me, why had she married him.

CHAPTER XII.

TO MY great delight, Lady Glen took a sudden caprice into her head over the garden. She would have the shape of the flower-beds changed. She wanted alterations, that would take, I knew, several weeks of hard work; and I was happy to know that I should be near her at least once each day.

Her habits did not vary much: the only difference was that some mornings she rose early and came into the garden before breakfast. Then she walked up and down, her beautiful face turned always to Glen. Her restless footsteps, her clasped hands, the sweet, dreamy eyes, and the tender, sad smiles, all told me that she was not happy. My darling, why had she forgotten me and married him? Then towards noon she brought her work and her books, and sat under the cedar-tree until the bell rang for luncheon. I never came in her way, but my eyes followed her. When she was in the garden I worked behind the cedar-tree out of her sight.

Once—ah me, what mingled rapture and pain it was!—once in the evening she appeared again. I had a great heap of dead branches and flowers to take away. I had never seen her in evening dress, and the splendor of her beauty startled me: I had not known that women could look so fair. She was dressed for a dinner-party, and she wore a rich trailing dress of white silk, half hidden with white lace. On her neck a diamond necklace gleamed; a diamond star shone in the mass of golden hair. She had thrown a lace wrapper over her dress, but I saw the white round arms bare to the lovely pearly shoulder; I saw the white neck, more lovely than that of the far-famed Venus over whom ancients and moderns have raved. She never looked at me, even when she spoke: if she had done so, I must have fallen upon my knees before her.

"Have you any red roses not much blown?" she asked me, in a kind, gentle voice; and those were the first words she had addressed to me since she bade me farewell. I turned away to go in search of them. She did not look after me, but, still standing in the light of the western sun, with her face turned in the direction of Glen, she asked gently, "If you cannot find them, will you ask Blithe for some? He knows the kind I want—half blown, with green leaves."

Neither Blithe nor any other man should get those for her, my beautiful, lost dear love! I knew she wanted them to wear: she had always a sweet fancy for wearing natural flowers. I found them—just what she wanted—roses of richest crimson and creamy white. I made a lovely bouquet—stripped off the thorns, trimmed the leaves, and mixed them with maiden-hair fern. My tall, stately love! Shall I ever forget the picture of her as she stood with the fading sunlight on her white dress, the diamond star shining in her golden hair? With a low bow I gave the flowers to her. Still she never looked at me.

"Thank you," she said, in her gentle voice. Then her attention was arrested for a moment by the artistic arrangement of the flowers, and she added, "These are very nice—I thank you."

Ah, Heaven, had she known whose hands gave them to her, who had gathered them for her, the calm of that most beautiful face would have been broken!

That evening I was so mad with love, anger, and longing that after I went home with Abel Blithe I returned to the Hall, in the hope of catching one glance of my darling in her splendor. The great drawing-room, used always when visitors were at the Hall, opened on to one of the terraces; round the window at the end of the room there was a thick cluster of clematis and honeysuckle, behind which I knew that I could screen myself.

Fortune favored me. In the darkness I made my way to the window. One of the long glass doors stood half open, so that I could see without being seen; and then, looking with longing eyes, I beheld her. My heart gave a great bound. She wore the roses in her white breast, the roses that my hands had gathered. I saw the light shining on her diamonds, the rich folds of her picturesque dress sweeping the ground. I saw gentlemen hovering round, and paying her all the homage they would have paid to a queen. I saw her pleasant and gracious, with bright words and smiles; but I saw also the dreamy dark eyes and the restless look that came ever and anon over the lovely face. She was not happy—she was gay, smiling, and gracious, but not happy. Ah, why had she forgotten me and married Sir Aleck?

Then some one asked her to sing; she had a sweet, clear voice, and we had spent many long hours in singing. She rose and went to the piano. She touched the keys lightly, and a sweet, sad air floated over the room. She had no music before her, but sang from memory. She raised her face, and there was the same far-off look in her dark eyes. Crouching there—hidden, unknown, forgotten, dead in life—still I knew, by some strange, subtle instinct, that my darling was thinking of me, as she believed me, buried under the Indian skies. She sang—

"'I met my love in a dream last night,
My love whom I love so well;
His eyes were bright with the old love-light,
And my own with gladness fell.'"

I did not wait to hear any more; I could not. I clenched my hands and bit my lip; I hastened from the sound of the music. I knew that she was thinking of me, and singing to me, and that she loved me still. Ah, why had she forgotten me and married Sir Aleck? Not for his money—of that I was quite sure; not for his wealth or his title; not for his houses or lands. There was some reason, some mystery; but I could not hear another word of that song: my heart would have broken.

On the morning following I was in the garden before six. I had not rested or slept. When I remember now what my restless dissatisfied longing was like, I wonder that I did not go mad outright. The day was fair and bright; I worked and waited for hours, fearing that on that day, above all others, she might not come.

It was noon when I heard the noise of the opening door. Sun, sky, earth, and flowers grew brighter, for she was there. She did not go to the cedar-tree: she walked round to where the old-fashioned flowers grew and the sun-dial stood. I was busy with the roses, pruning them and taking away the dying leaves. Looking up, I saw that she coming to me. In one moment I braced my nerves, I summoned up all my courage. I had come to the conclusion that it would be cruel now even to let her know that I was still living: it would but add to her pain and mine. She must never know me.

She whom I loved dearer than my life, she who was life itself to me, was coming to speak to me. She would not know me. The lover who left her was, as the country people said, a handsome soldier laddie, with bright eyes and frank face. The man who stood waiting for her was bronzed and bearded, was marked with a cruel scar, and had no brightness about him.

I dared not raise my eyes until my heart had ceased its passionate throbbing. I saw the passage of a white dress between the trees, and the next minute she stood before me. I was motionless, holding my cap in my hands. She stood with her stately half-languid grace.

"I did not know," she said, "that you were the same person who had been ill so long. I am glad to see you better."

I thanked her in a low murmur. I was almost mad with love, longing, and despair.

"You had a long illness," she said. "Do you feel strong enough to work?"

"Yes, my lady," I said."

"I was very sorry for you, I am sure you must have suffered a great deal. You were very friendless and lonely."

Oh, sweet, kind, pitying soul! Oh, tender heart and tender lips! I dared not look up at her or speak. I only longed to drop down dead at her feet.

"I hope," she went on, "that you will work with moderation. I have noticed that my garden has been kept very nicely since it has been in your charge. Blithe has been a good friend to you. Have you neither wife nor child?"

Great Heavens, how the words stung me—"wife nor child!" And it was she who asked the question who had let me call her once by the sweet name of wife. I could not speak. I forgot all caution, and, raising my eyes to her face, I looked at her. Our eyes met. At first hers rested calmly on mine, then into them crept a look of recognition, not fear. She started, and her sweet face grew pale.

"You startled me," she said. "You—you are so much like some one I knew once. What is your name?"

"John Smith," I answered.

"Have you always lived in this part of the country?" she continued.

"No," I replied; "I have not been here very long."

I saw that her face grew paler; and she said faintly—

"It seems strange; you have eyes just like this friend I knew, who is dead; and you have the same voice, the same voice, the same tone exactly."

I had no answer to make. If I had spoken at all, it would have been to cry out that I had still the same love in my heart.

"There are such strange resemblances in the world," she said, rather to herself than me. Then her sweet eyes lingered kindly on my bearded face until she saw the crimson scar. I knew when she saw it by the sudden light that flashed in her eyes and the quiver of pain that passed over her face.

"Have you been a soldier?" she asked me. And I knew that her heart was on her lips.

"Yes, my lady," I answered.

"When and where? In what regiment? Have you been in battle?" she asked me rapidly.

"I was wounded in India, long ago," I said.

"In India," she repeated with blanched lips and wide-open eyes. "Have you been in India? In what regiment! I knew some one who went to India and died there." I gave her some evasive answer. "Long ago, you say, long ago; but you are not old, although you have suffered much, and you have been in India. How very strange!"

She seemed to recover herself then, and her gentle, graceful dignity came back to her. She fancied perhaps that it was not quite in keeping for Lady Glen to talk confidentially to one of her under gardeners. She half turned from me and said—

"I am pleased to see you better and at work here. You must take care of yourself." And then from a tiny purse she took a half sovereign, and laid it in my hand.

"I am sure your long illness has placed you behind with the world," she said. "Pray accept that, and remember that a soldier wounded in India, has every claim on me."

As she turned away I could not repress the cry that rose to my lips—a long cry—but my darling did not hear it: she had gone away.

I wear that bright half sovereign now. I had it pierced and placed on my watch-chain. I would not have parted with it for the world. For she loved me; if not, why should the chance resemblance, as she believed it, strike her so painfully? She loved me; or why should the voice she believed like mine, stir her heart with the sharpest anguish? If she did not love my memory, why had every soldier wounded in India, a claim on her? My heart beat, my brain was dazed. She loved me; she loved my memory. Why then, had she, as soon as she believed me dead, married Sir Aleck?

I do not remember how I reached home that night, how I bore my pain, how I controlled myself at all. The words of hers that rang most in my mind were these, "Have you neither wife nor child?" and these, "Every soldier wounded in India, has a claim on me."

She loved me, or she would not have spoken so. She loved me, then why had she married Sir Aleck Uchtred Glen?

CHAPTER XIII.

THE next day I was sent to trim some camellias that grew on the western terrace; and when I had been there some time the nurse brought the little one out on the terrace to play. I had longed for weeks past to have one look at the lovely baby face. I had seen it but once, and that was in the church porch. I wanted to look at it, to caress it, to look in the dear eyes and see if they were like Miriam's. Now was a chance. I went down down into the forcing-houses where Abel Blithe was busy with the fruit, and asked him for a ripe peach with green leaves. He gave it to me, and I hastened back to the terrace. The little one was running to and fro, her golden curls shining in the sunlight, and her sweet face all laughter. I went up to her, and she shrank back in her nurse's arms.

"See what I have brought you missie," I said.

Then the little one turned her sweet face to me. I gave her the peach, and then she came to me, and went with me amongst the flowers. I knelt before her and gazed in the lovely face. It was all Miriam's. Thank Heaven, there was no trace of Sir Aleck. Miriam's dark eyes, her lovely mouth, her golden hair, her soft, white hands, were before me in miniature. I kissed the child's sweet lips for the love I bore her mother. She was not angry with me; but she looked at me with clear serene eyes, and left her little hand in mine. I cannot tell how or why, but the kiss of that innocent child seemed to still and cool the terrible fever that burned me, seemed to change the current of my thoughts.

Before now I had lain long summer nights through with my face buried in the long cool grass, the mad fever of love burning my heart, eating my soul away. I lay there because the walls of a house seemed to imprison me. I could not breathe in them; but, lying out there under the sky, I could toss, and cry, and utter my restless moans freely. I dared cry "Miriam, my lost love," to the silent stars, for they had seen me woo her, and they knew—they knew.

Then I suffered a longing that was terrible to bear, a fever that burned my very heart. My thoughts were always running on revenge, how I could best punish him who had stolen my love from me. But the kisses of that innocent mouth stilled my terrible fever. Miriam was not only my lost love, but she was the wife of my enemy and the mother of his child. She could never be mine now. All the mad love and mad longing, all the fierce passion and tenderness, must be trampled under foot and killed. Looking into the little face and kissing it, I said to myself that no unworthy love should ever pain the mother of that child.

The next time I saw the child was one afternoon when her ladyship sat reading, not under the cedar this time, but near the pretty fountain where the gold-fish swam, a fountain that rippled in the sun-light all day long, and always seemed to me to sing just these words, "Miriam May Dacre," and no other. I had no right in the garden; I had nothing to do there; but I had been working since four, that I might have the pleasure of spending an hour there. I made some pretense of weeding a bed of flowers. The nurse brought the little one out, and took her to her ladyship, who sent the nurse to the house for a shawl. And while she was gone, the child caught sight of me and ran to me.

"I know you," she said in her sweet baby fashion; "I know you. You make the flowers grow."

"No missie: I help them. I give them sweet cool water to drink when they are thirsty, and I keep away everything that hurts them."

A shadow fell over the flowers. Her ladyship was standing by the child.

"What is my little daughter prattling about, Smith?" she asked with a smile.

"About the flowers," I answered. "Missie loves flowers."

"Yes," said Miriam; "she makes friends of them. When she has a bunch of roses I hear her talking to them quite as though they could understand."

Then the child saw the crimson scar on my face. As I was kneeling she could just reach it, and she came close to me.

"What is this?" she asked. The next moment her soft hand lay on the disfigurement, and it never pained me so much again.

"That," said her ladyship, "is the mark of a brave man, my baby. You do not understand."

"Does it hurt you?" said the little one.

"Not now," I said—and her ladyship smiled when I kissed the baby's hand—"not now missie: you have cured it."

The child ran away laughing. Her ladyship looked after her thoughtfully, and I heard her say to herself—

"If I love her so much she will die. My father died. 'He' died. Oh, baby Berta, I must not love you so!"

Then she followed the little one, and I saw her no more that day. My heart was quite full. I was not the only one whom she had loved, who had died. Oh, my lost darling, if I could but know why you had forgotten me and married Sir Aleck! I began soon after that to see that I could not live there much longer without betraying myself. My love was too powerful for control, too great to be repressed. I knew that soon I must go out into the wide world again. I had believed that I could live there always as her servant, her slave. I could not. The torture was more than I could bear. I would wait the summer out, then go.

I would not do as I had often thought of doing, return to my regiment and seek to identify myself. If I did so she would know that I was living, and I must spare her that pain. Ah, how I suffered! I was grieved too for her. She was not happy. I often saw her dear face wet with tears; heard bitter sighs that came from the depths of her heart; heard soft sweet murmurs and whispered plaints. Perhaps, had she been happy, I should have suffered less.

Sir Aleck was not a pleasant man. He did not drink or gamble; he had no great vice; but he had a terrible temper. He was passionate in the extreme, and never sought to control his passion in the least. His servants feared and hated him, while they loved her ladyship. He had been known to shoot horses and dogs, to throw anything that came first at the heads of those who waited on him. His temper was uncertain, too. When one expected him to be angry, he was not so; but a trifle no one thought of, would rouse him almost to madness. As a matter of course, the chief part of his temper was vented on the defenceless head of his wife. He swore at her for every trifle; he cursed her in no measured words; yet, in his own selfish way he loved her. She was the last woman he ought ever to have married. He wanted a wife less sweet, less sensitive and amiable, one that would have resented the insults that Miriam bore so patiently. He spoke harshly to her at all times. Whether he was disappointed that she did not love him more, I cannot tell; but in some way he seemed always irritated against her. More than once, when I was at work on the terrace, I heard him talking in a loud voice, and I longed—Heaven forgive me!—to go and strangle him. Then her ladship would come out with her sad sweet face and weep with her fair head bowed. Thank Heaven I did no murder in those days; but I was sorely tempted!

They had many visitors at the Hall, that summer, and as time went on, I saw less of her ladyship; each time I did see her she seemed to me more sad. At last the Autumn came, and I heard that Sir Aleck was going to Scotland, to shoot, but Lady Glen preferred remaining at Atherstone—they said for her little one's sake, but I knew how great would be the relief to find herself alone. I heard too, that a young lady, whom they called Miss Doris Hope, was coming to stay with her. I wished I had been Miss Doris Hope!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BRILLIANT DRESS FOR MEN.—Perhaps the time when man's love of color will be gratified in his dress is nearer than we have imagined. French society gentlemen wear dress coats of gay colors, rivalling the ladies in costliness of attire, as of old. No one appears in black. Knee breeches are very generally worn in society. And now the edict has gone forth at the German Court, the most splendid at present in all Europe, that ordinary full dress shall be discarded at all Court festivities, and that gentlemen shall return to the laces, the silk stockings and the rich satins and velvets of Louis Fourteenth's time. The dozen or fifteen smaller Courts which take their tone from Germany are very likely to follow suit. This revival of the old masculine fashions may not be very lasting, but it is upon us.

WE sometimes hear a great orator exclaim: "As far as the east is from the West." The east and the west are not far apart. In fact, they meet at every point. The west is just as far east as the east is.

Bric-a-Brac.

INDIA RUBBER.—India-rubber is the solidified sap of a South American tree. When fresh, it is of a soft gummy nature, tenacious, but not very elastic; is easily injured by oily substances, and does not stand acids well. Gutta-percha, which is found only in the East Indies, is obtained from the gutta tree. It is a brownish gum which solidifies by exposure to the air.

FIRE AT WEDDINGS.—Fire is an essential in some wedding celebrations. In Persia the service is read in front of a fire. In Nicaragua the priest, taking the couple each by the little fingers, leads them to an apartment where a fire is lighted, and there instructs the bride in her duties, extinguishing it by way of conclusion. In Japan the woman kindles a torch, and the bridegroom lights one from it, the playthings of the wife being burnt then and there.

DRUNKARDS.—A German doctor has started a theory that most drunkards can be cured by a very simple and pleasant course of treatment, namely by eating apples at every meal. Apples, Dr. Tuplett maintains, if eaten in large quantities, possess properties which entirely do away with the craving that all confirmed drunkards have for drink. The doctor says that in many bad cases which have come under his notice he has been able to affect a cure by this means, the patient gradually losing all his desire for alcohol.

CAP AND CLOTHES OF CONFUCIUS.—The reverence for the great Chinese philosopher is illustrated by the fact that at Tsingpo a tomb is erected to the cap and clothes of the most holy sage Kung. These precious relics are deposited in a handsome mound, over which there is a marble about 6 feet high by 2½ broad, stating the purport of the tomb, and that the monument was erected in the second year of an Emperor of the Lui dynasty, (A. D. 506.) and repaired by the Emperor Kanghi, of the Tsing dynasty, in 1676.

NAMES OF CHILDREN IN CHINA.—In the event of the birth of a child in China, the name that is given to it is determined oftentimes by the most trivial circumstances. If a child is born at midnight, his name is possibly called "Midnight," or, on the anniversary day of a grandparent's birth, his name may be called "Sixty-five" or "Seventy." If the little one comes into the world at sunrise, he may be called "Sunrise," or, if at sunset, he may be called "Sunset." And so on in other ways the same rule works.

ADOPTION IN JAPAN.—The custom of adoption is universal in Japan, where it is practiced to keep a family name from becoming extinct. Indeed, there is scarcely a family in which it has not at some time or other been practiced. A person who has no male issue, adopts a son, and, if he has a daughter, often gives her to him in marriage. A youth, or even a child, who may be the head of a family, often adopts on the point of dying, a son sometimes older than himself to succeed him.

STRAIGHT AND CURLY HAIR.—The difference between straight and curly hair is very apparent on a microscopical examination. A hair is a hollow tube, and a straight hair is as round as a reed, while curly hair is always flattened on both sides and curls toward one of the flat sides; never toward the edge. It is a curious and little-known fact that the hair of women is coarser than that of men, as well as thicker on the scalp. In an average head of hair there are about 130,000 individual hairs.

THE GOLD RING.—Marius was the first Roman to wear a gold ring, and no one, unless he had been an ambassador, could wear one except on State occasions. Gradually the ring came to be the badge of knighthood, and finally all restrictions as to its being worn were cast aside and the ring was adopted generally as an ornament. The Roman "dudes" finally became so enamored of their rings that they put one on every joint of both hands. Then they had "weekly" rings and summer and winter rings, and some never wore the same ring twice.

FATHER AND SON.—A German contemporary notes as a remarkable historical fact that for nearly 200 years no son of a monarch of France ever succeeded his father on the throne. Louis XV. succeeded his grandfather, Louis XIV. Louis XVI. was the grandson of Louis XV. Louis XVIII. was the brother of Louis XVI. Louis Philippe came to the throne on the renunciation of the crown by Charles X., who was the brother of Louis XVIII. Napoleon III. was the nephew of Napoleon I., and he closed the long line of crowded heads in France.

OVER THE SEA.

BY M. E.

Beautiful moonlight, bathing in glory
The dark wood, the cliff, and the billowy sea,
Where its ripple and wavelets are shining before me,
So boundlessly wide, and so gloriously free.

See! the moonbeam is streaming its light as a pathway,
Along the blue deep is the shining track laid;
A skiff lies becalm'd as a bird on its bosom,
And its sails in the soft light are silvery made.

And now a dark cloud passes quick o'er its brightness,
But still the strong light struggles hard to be free
From the tiny assailant which shades its effulgence,
And behind its dull face it streams down on the sea.

So life has its darkness, its gloom, and its sadness,
Which seem to embitter our pathway full sore;
But a beam from on high turns them all into gladness,
And the eye that once wept knows its sorrow no more.

A Woman's Trust.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY OLIVIA," "GWEN DALES' ORDEAL," "MOLLY'S MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE woman stood and eyed her with a pale face and half lowered lids.

"Where are we?" she said at last.

Leslie rose, and turned to her with both hands outstretched.

"Oh, what can I say, how can I thank you?" she exclaimed in great agitation. "You have saved my life!"

The woman wiped her lips and forced a smile.

"That's a rum way of putting it," she said, her voice shaking a little. "If I did, you saved mine first. It was a narrow squeak for both of us."

She looked round almost impatiently.

"Where are we?" she repeated. "I—I want to get back to London as soon as I can. I—I've been half out of my mind, I think, and this—this affair has pulled me round. Don't you take any notice of what I said about—about him, the man I spoke of. I don't believe I've lost him, after all. I can get him back." She laughed discordantly, and flushed, as if half ashamed of the new hope that the escape from death had seemed to give her. "He's—he's no worse than the rest. They're all alike, easily taken with a new face. And—and I know he likes me. He was sorry for going directly after he'd left me, and—yes—" she pushed the black hair from her face—"yes, I'll bet my life I get him back."

Leslie looked at her with a smile of sympathy and encouragement.

"Yes," she said, "I hope so; ah, yes, I hope so! It was dreadful to see you and hear you when we were—down there!" and she glanced with a shudder at the edge of the cliff.

"Yes, I was pretty low then," said the other. "It was a hard fight, wasn't it? You and I ought to be friends; but—" she paused, and looked hard and almost shyly at Leslie's face—"but perhaps you wouldn't care for that. You're a lady—a swell, I can see, and I—well, I'm not fit——"

Leslie put out her hand to stop her.

"You must not talk like that now—now, just when we have escaped death together. And I hope—ah! yes, I hope that you will be happier, that he—" she blushed, and her voice grew low; love was so sacred a thing to her—"that he you love will come back to you. If he does you must forgive him, and take him back——"

She stopped, for the tall graceful figure in front of her swayed and staggered; and the dark eyes grew suddenly heavy and closed.

Leslie uttered a cry of alarm.

"Oh, what is it? You are ill, faint——"

The other opened her lips as if to speak, then fell heavily forward on Leslie's arm.

Leslie knelt beside her on the grass, and looked round anxiously. The solitude was as intense as that which they had just left. They were still alone together with no help near.

Leslie remembered that a small spring ran from a cleft on the cliff, and, though the thought of going near the edge made her heart quake, she gently set the woman's head down, and, stooping over the cliff, wet her handkerchief at the rill, and, returning, bathed the white face with one hand while she unfastened the bosom of the lifeless woman's dress with the other.

As she did so her hand came in contact with something hard, though for a second or two she was too intent upon watching for some signs of returning consciousness in the face on her knee to look to see what it was; but presently her eye caught a plain gold locket.

"Poor girl!" she thought. "It is the gift of the man who has deserted her. And she wears it near her heart. Poor girl, poor girl!"

At that moment the white lips parted, and the dark eyes opened.

"Yorke!" she breathed. "Is it you, Yorke? Have you come back to me?"

The words struck upon Leslie's ear at first without any significance. She scarcely heard them or took them in for a space during which one could have counted fifty.

Then, gradually it came upon her, gradually, slowly.

"Yorke! Is it you, Yorke? Have you come back to me?"

She repeated them mechanically, as one repeats a phrase in a foreign language the meaning of which one does not understand. Then she began to tremble, and a faint sick dread fell upon her.

All the time she bathed the white face and lips and brushed the dark hair from the low handsome forehead; doing it mechanically, absently.

Yorke? Had this girl said Yorke, or was she mistaken?

She waited, breathless, the sick feeling weighing on her heart; and presently the full lips opened again, and again the name—the beloved name—was breathed. There could be no mistake this time. Leslie heard it plainly.

It was Yorke.

Her hand trembled, the beautiful face on her lap grew dim, and seemed to fade away. Then she made an effort and forced the dread from her heart, and a smile to her lips.

What if this girl, this beautiful girl, had called upon Yorke? Surely there was more than one man of that name in the world, the great big wide world; and this woman's Yorke was not, could not be, hers, Leslie's!

She could have laughed at her wicked, worse than wicked, foolish, fear! Could have laughed if it had not been for the stress of circumstances.

How could she suspect for a moment that her Yorke—the Duke of Rothbury, her lover, so good and true and staunch—should be the Yorke whom this woman loved, and who had, by her own account, deserted her!

"Oh, I wrong him cruelly, wickedly, even by this momentary doubt!" she told herself. "He would not have doubted me as I have done him, though only for a second!" And her face flushed.

But though she reproached herself, her mind was at work, and, against her will, she remembered how she had first seen this girl.

She recalled the scene, the incident, at St. Martin's Tower. Yorke had stood beside her looking down, and he had started—yes, and turned pale, white to the lips, as the woman's voice had floated up to them.

Did he know her?

All her being rose in revolt at the idea, the suspicion. And yet—— She remembered his face as it had looked at that moment. She had thought that he had turned pale with anger that such a song should have been sung in her presence, and had loved him for his anxiety on her account.

She tried to thrust the dawning suspicion from her as if it were some insidious demon whispering in her ear, but still she could not forget that this woman had told her that she had come down here to Portmaris, had followed the man she loved to this place; and Yorke had come down here, had come down——!

The rays of the setting sun struck the two figures, the white face lying on Leslie's lap adding a lustre to the dark hair that swept across Leslie's dress.

How beautiful she looked, Leslie thought in a dull, vague way: how beautiful! Any man might well lose his heart to such a woman, even though she were not a lady, and capable of singing such a song as she had heard these lips sing. Any man, even — No, not Yorke! He would not, could not have loved her. It was she, Leslie herself, whom he loved, not this woman!

Even as she laid the flattering unction to her soul, her eye fell again upon the locket.

It was lying open, face downwards, upon the woman's snow-white breast.

A desire, an overwhelming desire to take it up and see what face was enshrined in it seized upon her. One glance, and this vague, unjust suspicion of hers would be set at rest for ever. She knew, knew, that it would not be Yorke's, her Yorke's, face she should see.

She fought against the desire, the craving. Love was a sacred thing to her, and it would seem like sacrilege to touch this trinket which this poor girl wore, doubtless the gift of the man she loved so dearly, the man whose desertion had caused her to weary of life, to desire death.

"No, no, I cannot, I will not!" Leslie breathed pantingly, but even as she spoke the words her hand stole towards the locket upon which the rich sunlight was falling. Once, twice, her hand approached it and drew back, but at the third time she took it up, raised it slowly, and then swiftly turned it upwards.

Then still holding it, her eyes riveted upon it with a gaze of horror and agony, she cried—

"Yorke! It is Yorke!"

* * * * * *

It was Yorke!

Leslie gazed down at the locket lying in the palm of her hand, for the moment too benumbed by the sudden shock to feel anything.

Yes, it was his face, the handsome face whose every line, every expression, were engraved on her heart. For a second or two the portrait, as it smiled up at her with Yorke's characteristic devil-may-care look in its eyes, gave her a kind of pleasure; then she began to realize where she had found it; lying on the bosom of this woman!

She dropped the locket as if it had suddenly burnt her, and shrank back as far as she could without displacing the woman's head from her knee.

Yorke's portrait in a locket in the possession of another woman! How could it be! There must be some mistake, some hideous mistake. It could not be his face, but that of someone, some relation closely resembling him.

She took the locket up again, and as she did so remembered that the woman had murmured Yorke's name. Yes, it was Yorke. She laid the locket down again—gently this time—and bent over the white face of the woman with a strange confusing throbbing in her heart, a loud singing in her ears. The earth seemed to rock beneath her, the sky to be falling.

She was faint with physical exhaustion, with the terrible struggle for life, and this discovery coming so closely upon all she had endured almost crushed her.

Was she really awake, or asleep and dreaming? Delirious, perhaps! Yorke, her Yorke's face lying there on this other woman's heart! It was incredible.

All this had passed through her mind, her heart, in a few seconds; one can crowd an awful amount of misery, anguish, joy, into a minute; and by this time the woman had recovered.

"Where am I?" she breathed, staring up at Leslie.

Leslie did not answer, but continued to gaze at her with wide open eyes in which a horror was growing more intense each moment.

"Where am I? Have I been ill—ah——" She drew a deep breath. "I remember. Are we safe? Why don't we go? What are we staying for?"

She raised herself on her elbow, and half sat up, pushing the black hair from her face and passing her hand across her eyes. Then she looked down and saw the locket, and her hand flew to it.

Leslie's eyes followed the hand.

"Whose—whose portrait is that?" she asked almost inaudibly.

The woman looked at her, and a dull red stole into her face.

"What's that to you?" she retorted, half defiantly. "You've looked at it, haven't you?"

Leslie moistened her lips; they were so hot and dry that she could scarcely speak.

"Yes, I have looked at it," she said. "I know——"

"You know who it is?" As she spoke she closed the locket hurriedly, and buttoned her dress over it. "You know—Who are you? What is your name?" And the dark eyes scanned Leslie's pale face with suspicious scrutiny.

"My name is Leslie, Leslie Lisle," said Leslie slowly.

"Leslie—" the woman sprang to her feet. "What! You are the girl——" She stopped and stared with flashing eyes, her hands clenched. "You are the girl he left me for," she breathed.

Leslie shuddered, and her lips quivered.

"Oh, there must be some mistake!" she almost wailed. "It cannot be he— And yet you spoke his name—Yorke——"

"Yorke! Yes, that's his name! And this is his portrait," was the sharp response. "And you are the girl he's fallen in love with! And I never guessed it! I must have been a fool not to have thought of it, jumped at it! It's lucky for you that I didn't," she added between her teeth. "I'd have killed you down there!"

Leslie shrank back, and instinctively put out her hand as if to ward off an attack.

"What—what is your name?" she asked.

"My name?" The full lips curled with bitter contempt. "You must have been out of the world not to know it," she said. "My name's Finetta; I'm Finetta of the Diadem."

"Finetta—Finetta of the Diadem," Leslie repeated mechanically.

Was it all a hideous dream? Who was Finetta of the Diadem? And how could she talk of Yorke as if he belonged to her—how did it happen that she wore his portrait on her heart?

"Yes, Finetta of the Diadem," said Finetta, defiantly. "I should have thought everybody knew me. But I suppose he hasn't told you about me. No, that wasn't likely!" and she laughed hoarsely. "What are you staring at me like that for, as if I was a—a wild animal?"

Leslie put her hand to her brow with a piteous little gesture.

"I—I—— It is all so sudden. Give me time. I do not wish to anger you. I only want to ask you a—a question—one or two questions. Why do you wear that portrait in that locket?"

Finetta looked at her for a moment in silence, then with a flash of her eyes and a discordant laugh she replied—

"That's a question to ask me, if you like! What do you think I wear it for?" The red deepened on her face, then left it pale. "What does a woman usually wear a man's portrait for? I'll be bound you've got one of his, too?"

Leslie's hand went to her bosom, to the sparkling pendant, and she shook her head with a strange feeling of injury; he had sent her diamonds, but he had given this woman something far more precious!

"No!" she breathed almost unconsciously. "Did he give it to you? Oh, answer me quickly, and—and truthfully! I will tell you why I ask. I will tell you all. I—I am to be his wife—I was to be his wife——"

At the change from "Am to be" to "was to be" Finetta's eyes flashed, and she lowered her lids.

"Sit down," she said, pointing to a piece of rock.

Leslie sank down upon it, and waited with averted face; she could not bear to look upon the dark defiant face, beautiful with the beauty of a fallen angel at this moment, a face distorted and lined by conflicting passions.

"You were to be his wife, were you?" said Finetta slowly, with a breath between each word. "So was I!"

"You!"

The word dropped from Leslie's lips unconsciously; it seemed to sting Finetta.

"Yes, me!" she flamed out. "Why not? You speak and you look at me as if—as if I was some monster! I'm—I'm as young and as good looking as you——"

Leslie put up her hand deprecatingly.

"Yes, yes," she murmured. "I did not mean to anger you. Go on! Oh, go on!"

"Why shouldn't he marry me as much as you!" continued Finetta. "I've known him longer than you have! I've been more to him than you have——"

Leslie shuddered.

"I'm as good as you are. Who are you? You're no more of a swell than I am! And you're poor, too, ain't you? And I'm not poor. I can earn thousands a year——" She stopped, panting.

Leslie glanced at her shrinkingly.

"And if it comes to caring for him, I reckon I care for him quite as much as you do! You know that, for you heard me talk down there, when I thought it was all over with us. And as to him—well, I'd wager everything I've got that in his heart he likes me as well as he likes you, or anyone else!"

She laughed bitterly, and with self scorn and contempt.

"No, no," broke from Leslie's quivering lips.

"But I say yes, yes," retorted Finetta. "He's just like the rest. None of 'em could stick to one of us alone to save his life. You must have lived with your head buried in the sand not to know that! What! You think that you're the only one he has made love to; or that I'm the only other one!" She laughed again.

"Ask him whether he knows Lady Eleanor Dallas! See how he looks when he hears her name, and hear what he says!"

Leslie looked at her with half dazed eyes, and listened with ears in which the wild sea seemed roaring.

"It is false, false!" she cried hoarsely. "I will not believe——" And she put up her hands as if to cover her ears.

Finetta laughed.

"Well!" she said with a sneer. "He's deceived you easily enough, anyone could see! And if I wasn't so sorry for myself I could find it in my heart to be sorry for you!"

Leslie shuddered. To be pitied by this woman, this terrible woman!

"Look here," said Finetta after a pause. "Don't mind my hard words; it's my way, when I'm put out. I can see you don't believe half I say, and that's only natural; I shouldn't if I were in your place, and didn't know him so well. If you doubt that we are both talking of the same man, take this locket and look at it again." And she held it out.

Leslie turned her head from it.

"No, you don't want to look at it again. I daresay you knew his face directly you saw it. Now, do you think he'd have given it to me if he hadn't cared for me? Answer that!"

Leslie looked at her, a sudden wild hope springing into her bosom.

"It—it was a long while ago!" she breathed, "a long while ago——"

Finetta broke in with a discordant laugh.

"Not a bit of it! It was three days ago. He sent it after spending an evening with me, as he's spent many a score——"

She saw a look of unbelief crossing Leslie's face, and, snatching a letter from her pocket, thrust it under Leslie's face.

"Read that, and believe!" she said.

Leslie took the note, and looked at it. The lines swam before her eyes, but she saw a word here and there, and the date, and with a low cry, which broke from her notwithstanding all the efforts to suppress it, she held out the note from her.

Finetta took it, and restored it to her pocket, then stood and looked down at the motionless figure in silence for a moment or two.

"You believe me now," she said in a low, harsh voice. "You see I'm telling you the truth, and not a pack of lies. And now, what are you going to do? Wait a minute. Let's see how the land lies. Here am I who've—who've cared for him for years, who would have been his wife if—if he hadn't happened to have seen you; and, mind, I'm just as fit to be his wife as you are. Why, come to that, he'll tire of you ever so much sooner than he would of me, because you haven't any money and I have, and can go on earning enough to keep him amused. Don't you see? We've been fond of each other for ever so long. Why, there's been scarcely a day for months past that we haven't been together! And even when he's smitten by you he doesn't throw me over, you see. He sends me a portrait and a sweetheart's note with it; yes, and just after he's left you, too! Now, that's how I stand; and now, where are you? You've only known him for a few days; you can't care for him half—half? no, not one tenth as much as I do! That's only natural. And it's only natural and right that you should give him up. Think it over. After all, Miss Lisle," she went on, with a kind of sullen insinuation, "he's behaved very badly to you; he has indeed. He never meant to throw me quite over; he'd have come back to me sooner or later."

Leslie half rose from the rock and put out her hand as if to put the words, the insinuation, from her, then sank back and covered her face with her hands.

"He'd have come back to me, and then you'd have been a good deal worse off than you are now!"

Leslie did not move, and Finetta, watching her closely, allowed a minute to pass in silence that her words might sink in.

"Come, now, Miss Lisle; there's no occasion for you and me to quarrel. Why, when you think of it, you and me have saved each other's lives, haven't we? And we ought, we really ought, to act square and straight by one another. I'm the one that's been badly treated, because he loved me first, and would have married me but for you. Just think of that! From what I've seen of you, I should say that you were a kind-hearted lady, and one that wouldn't injure a fellow creature, leave alone a fellow woman. I should say you were too proud to rob a poor girl of the man she's loved."

Leslie sprang up panting, and for a moment breathless.

The horror, the humiliation, were driving her mad.

"Oh, be silent, be silent! Let me think!" she breathed. "Every word you speak stabs me." She put her hand to her bosom with a passionate gesture that awed Finetta. "It is all so sudden that—that I cannot realize it; can scarcely believe—oh, do not speak! I believe all you say. You have shown me the note, the portrait is his, and I cannot but believe. And I trusted him! Ah, how I trusted him!" Her voice broke for a moment and her eyes swam with tears; but she dashed them away with her hand and hurried on, with every now and then a break between the words. "But what you say is true. He—he belongs to you more than to me! He has wronged us both; but he has wronged you the more cruelly. And—" she stopped and put her hand to her throat as if she were suffocating—"and I—I give him back to you. Yes, I give him back to you!"

The blood rushed to Finetta's face, then left it pale to the lips.

"You—you throw him up?" she said, as if she could scarcely believe her ears.

Leslie raised her head and looked at her steadily, with a look that would have melted the heart of anyone but a rival.

"He belongs to you, not to me," she said in a low voice, as if every word cost her a heart pang. "I—I will never see him again if I can help it. Do not—" she paused, and a sigh broke from her white lips—"do not let him know; do not tell him that I have seen you. I—I have loved him, and would spare him the shame——"

There was silence for a second, Finetta gazing at the ground with set face and hidden eyes.

"If—if he should ever know that we met, and that you told me what you have told me, tell him that I—yes, that I forgave him. That I have forgiven and forgotten him. That is all."

Her head sank for a moment, then she raised it again and looked at the dark face with a shrinking kind of reluctance.

"You—you say that you care for him?"

Finetta's lips moved.

"Yes, and I know that you do. Be good to him. Do not let the thought that he deceived himself into thinking he cared for me come between you. He must love you very much to give you his portrait, to write you that note; try—try and make him happy."

Her voice broke, and she turned her head away.

Finetta stood with clenched hands, her teeth gnawing at her under-lip; then she sprang to Leslie's side and took her hand.

"Miss Lisle——"

Leslie shook her hand off with a little cry, a shudder.

"Don't—don't touch me, please."

Finetta froze instantly.

"I—I beg your pardon," panted Leslie. "But I cannot bear any more. If you would go now! That road leads to Portmaris."

She sank on the stone, and sat with her head erect and face set hard as the stone itself.

Finetta drew her jacket round her and fumbled with her gloves.

"I understand," she said in a low voice. "You've done the right thing, and you won't be sorry for it."

"It is nearly two miles to Portmaris," said Leslie in a dry, expressionless voice. "There is an evening train; you can catch it if you walk quickly."

"I'm going," said Finetta, biting her lips. "Good-bye, Miss Leslie. I'm sorry—well, good-bye."

Leslie sat motionless and with averted face until the graceful figure of the dancing girl of the Diadem had disappeared below the hill; then with a cry she rose, her arms above her head, and fell full length upon the turf.

* * * * * *

Leslie lay unconscious while the sun sank below the horizon, and the delicious summer gloaming came softly upon the moor; lay like a flower struck down by some rude hand, and the evening star shone pale in the sky before she came back to life and her great sorrow.

For a while it seemed to her that the whole scene through which she had passed was a hideous dream, and when its reality came crushing down upon her she uttered a low cry and shivered as if with cold. The sudden destruction of her joy and happiness left her stunned and bewildered. A few short hours ago and she and Yorke had been sitting hand in hand, heart to heart, talking of their marriage, and now —— Now he was hers no longer. In a sense he had never been hers, but all the time he had been wooing her, forcing her to love him, he had been in honor bound to this other woman.

As she thought of her, this Finetta, this woman with the bold eyes, a feeling of shame and humiliation was added to the misery of Leslie's loss. That he, Yorke, her idol, her king, should ever have stooped to love such a woman seemed to her unspeakably base and terrible. She had set him on so lofty a pedestal, had regarded him as so noble and high-minded, that the knowledge of his falseness—to both of them!—hurt her like a physical blow.

She sat for some time, waiting for strength to enable her to reach home; and as she sat and looked round it seemed as if something had gone out of her life, as if a weight which no power nor time could lift had fallen upon her heart.

Before her she saw stretching in a dull gray, hopeless vista, the many years she would probably have to live; the long life without Yorke, and haunted memory of those few happy days.

"If I had never seen him! If I had not loved him so dearly!" was the burden of her heart's wail; "or if I had only died down there before—before I saw the locket and heard the woman's story!"

She had fought Death hard enough a little while ago, now she would have welcomed him.

She rose at last, and went slowly and draggingly towards Portmaris. Her dress was still heavy with the salt water, she was weak with physical and mental weariness, and the two miles across the moor were surely the longest that ever woman journeyed.

When she reached the villa and entered the parlor, she found her father pacing up and down in the dusk before his easel.

He looked up, but, fortunately for her, did not see her white, weary face, or notice how she held the door as if to support herself.

"Where have you been, Leslie?" he asked in a kind of irritable excitement. "I have been wanting you. Mr. Temple has sent the notes for the picture, the fifty pounds."

She leant against the door, and drew a long breath as she thought of this added humiliation.

"He is going to-morrow, it seems, and wished to—er—pay for the picture before he left. His departure is rather sudden, I think, but I fancy he is erratic in his movements. I want you to send him a receipt, and—er—to ask him to allow the picture to be exhibited."

"Yes; to-morrow, papa," she said faintly.

"Why not to-night?" he asked testily.

"I—I am tired, very tired," she said, going to him and leaning her head on his shoulder.

"You've walked too far," he said in a tone of complaint. "You'd better get to bed at once. The receipt and the letter must wait till to-morrow, I suppose. Oh, there was something—oh, yes; did you see the duke? He came up to me on the beach and inquired for you."

She turned away from him, a lump rising in her throat and threatening to suffocate her.

"Yes."

"Did he say any anything about that sketch of St. Martin's?"

St. Martin's! How the name brought back the memory of that happy, happy day!

"I don't quite know about that sketch," he went on with an air of importance. "I may be too much engaged on important pictures to—er—spare any time for small sketches. However, that matter can rest for the present. The duke has gone back to London to-night, they tell me. By the way, I wish you would prepare a fresh canvas for me."

"Not to-night, oh, not to-night, dear!" she said in a low voice. "I will go to bed as you said, for I am very, very tired. To-morrow——"

She left the sentence unfinished, and crept up to her own room.

To-morrow! What an awful line of dreary to-morrows stretched before her, was her thought. As she took off her dress the diamond pendant flashed in the candlelight, each gem seeming to glitter mockingly in derision of her love and faith and trust. She covered the sparkling thing with her hand and bowed her head over it. The very day he had sent it to her, he had given his portrait—his portrait—to that other woman! She took the pendant off the ribbon, and wrapped it in a piece of soft paper and put it away out of sight in a small box, and as she did so she saw Ralph Duncombe's ring.

One's own misery recalls to us that of other people, and in this the hour of her trouble Leslie remembered Ralph Duncombe, and for the first time she realized something of what he had suffered. With a rush his passionate avowal came back upon her, and she took the ring in her hand and looked at it with a double misery. He had sworn to help her if ever she should be in trouble, had sworn to avenge her if ever she suffered wrong. How feeble had been his vow! Neither he nor anyone else could help her in this strait; and as to vengeance, she wanted none. Alas, alas, false as he had been, she loved Yorke still.

She fell asleep at last from sheer exhaustion, and did not awake until past nine. Then it all came throbbing, crowding back upon her, in that first awful moment of waking. Surely to the wretched and unhappy, there is no more awful hour in the twenty-four than that which follows the morning awakening. Sorrow seems to have had time to sharpen her arrows during the night, and plunges them with fresh vigor into our aching hearts.

While she was dressing, Leslie went over the whole of the incidents of the previous day, bit by bit, and suddenly, with the sharpness of a flash of lightning, a gleam of hope shot across the darkness of her misery. Suppose this woman had lied! Such women as she would find no difficulty in stooping to untruth and deception. Suppose she had got possession of Yorke's portrait, had forged the letter, had concocted the whole story? The supposition seemed far-fetched and improbable, but it sent a thrill of hope through her, and she finished dressing with feverish haste, and hurried downstairs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BEGGING IN FRANCE.—Begging in France has become a most lucrative profession. Beside what the State takes from its own coffers the "Assistence Publique" has been endowed with millions of francs in the form of bequests from generous persons left childless, the interest of which goes to help the poor.

Beyond these pensions received from the State the needy have a list of addresses where they are sure to find a few francs a month, after telling a harrowing tale of woe to persons who are convinced they are saving some one from starvation.

But the poor's great amelioration is to obtain two lines of appeal in an important newspaper generally read by rich subscribers, like the "Figaro," for instance. Much money is then made, for the next day appears a long list of generous donors, who subscribe hundreds of francs, a sum large enough oftentimes to deposit in the bank and produce enough interest to live on.

There is a beggars' exchange where the goodwill and valuable positions in which to stand as beggar are sold to applicants by those who have made enough to retire upon. Their books show that so much a month can be made out of this or that particular place, and a lesson or two on the manner of begging is not refused. All this seriously complicates the social question in France. This generous almsgiving supports an army of paupers who are the first to lead a revolt against the capitalists, their benefactors.

FORBIDDEN BY A SUBJECT.—The following story has been going the rounds: During his visit to Heligoland, the German Emperor, wishing to study the fortifications of the island, expressed an intention to make an ascent in a balloon which is kept for the purpose. Against this project the Emperor's brother and other officers protested, alleging that the Emperor should not risk his personal safety in a balloon, even a captive one.

The Emperor still persisted, when General Von Hahnke placed himself bodily in his sovereign's way, blocking the path, and at the same time declaring that a law of Prussia forbade the King to risk his person unnecessarily, or to "travel outside of Europe," without the permission of the upper branch of the Prussian legislature. The Emperor would violate this law, he declared, if he ascended in the balloon.

The Emperor, who, as every one knows, has the reputation of being a very headstrong man, stood still a moment while the officers about looked on in wonder at the spectacle of a subject opposing physical force to the monarch's will. Then the Emperor embraced General von Hahnke, assured him that he was entirely right, and afterwards presented him with the grand cross of the Order of the House of Hohenzollern.

A LITTLE girl at Adairsville, Ga., told her parents recently that she would not live long, and that the world was all going wrong. A few days ago she fell into a creek and was drowned. A photographer took a picture of the child, and while putting the negative in solution the glass shivered into many pieces. Superstitious people there look upon it as a sign that the world is coming to an end.

IN REMEMBRANCE.

BY SUSANNA J.

We mourn in sorrow's fullest measure,
To-day we laid our darling treasure
  Low in the grave so dark and chill—
A flow'r 'neath storms untimely faded:
But from the home of joy unshaded
  Our child looks down and loves us still—

Not in that narrow coffin sleeping,
Not in an earthly parent's keeping,
  But safer far from change or ill.
Oh, let us own his blest transition
From earth to heav'n in meek submission!
  'Tis best; it is our Father's will.

Still ours, although his face is shrouded,
And all life's light is overclouded;
  Our dearest hopes lie dead and chill.
Yet is this thought in mercy given—
Among the angels up in heaven
  Our darling loves us—loves us still.

The Biggest of All.

BY G. B. B.

"COME here, Vine. Don't make such a row. Chief's asleep. Sweet evening we'll have if the old Muezzin doesn't stop shouting from out of that mustard-pot minaret."

"All right, Somers. I've a heavy score against you. Where's the chess-board?"

"Chess be hanged. I want to talk to you. Come into my den. Dillon, bring out the whisky."

Dillon looked apologetic. "Shure, sorr, an it's yerself dhrank it all entoirely."

"So I did. Awf'lee poor stuff, too. Never mind. Get some of the Chief's."

"I can't, sorr. It's under his bed, with that divvle of a black cat on the top."

"Hard lines, by Jove," and Colonel Somers frowned reflectively at Vine, who was fitting pawns on the spiked board. "We can finish the game when we go in to Constantinople to-morrow afternoon," he explained. "It doesn't matter where we leave off."

Somers flung his fez into a corner, and gazed at the opposite wall. Three sides of the room were composed of windows; the fourth side consisted of a lath-and-plaster wall on which he had drawn sketches of Turkish officials with a poker—sketches which were distinctly libellous had the objects of them understood English. Fortunately for Somers, they were unable to gather the meaning of the doggerel below each sketch.

"What's the matter?" chirped Vine.

"Those confounded windows shake so. Dillon, why don't you slaughter that old stork on the roof? He's always rattling his beak about in the middle of the night."

"It's sacrilege, your honor. I tried for the ould rhooster with a fish-hook and a frog, but he was wan too many for me, the haythen. He swallowed the line and kept the frog, sorr."

Somers stretched his handsome frame at full length. Vine, "The Chief's" private secretary, was a dark, dapper little fellow of twenty, full of mischief and fun. The Chief, a distinguished Englishman, was a general of division in the Turkish army.

Babanakatch lies midway along the line of fortifications between Lake Derkos and the Black Sea. It nestles in a hollow between two frowning forts, and is singularly pretty. The lower parts of the houses are built of rough stone, surmounted by quaintly fashioned old wood-work, with here and there a more aspiring dwelling composed entirely of stone. The lofty minaret of a mosque—every Turkish village has a mosque—rises gracefully from a grove of feathery foliaged acacias.

In the court-yard, a number of soldiers squatted about the fire and told interminable stories. Occasionally, a long string of camels plodded in, laden with provisions for the soldiers at work on the fortifications.

Dotted about on the hill-sides were scattered watch-fires. A bugle-call sounded faintly in the distance. Village dogs bayed the moon in a chorus which was equally flat and depressing. Vine strolled to the window, and waited until Somers had smoked himself into a good temper.

"Beastly hole," said Somers, presently. "I'd have a heavy score against the Chief if we didn't go into Pera every week."

"'To-morrow will be Friday,'" hummed Vine. "Somers, I've vowed a vow."

In his eagerness, Vine sat down on the floor "a la Turque," but rose hurriedly. He had forgotten his spurs.

Somers looked interested. "What's up, Vine? Any fun?"

Vine's eyes danced. "Yes," he said. "Heaps. I made a solemn vow to the Pinkneys I'd bring the Chief to their dance to-morrow night. And Minnie——"

"You're going it pretty well for a young one," said Somers, amusedly.

The lad blushed. "Fact is, Somers, I'm hard hit."

Somers looked at him rather enviously. "Fancy your seeing anything in that girl! D'you think your people at home would welcome her?"

"Don't be offensive, Somers. Haven't asked her—yet."

"Oh, you're going to? Might do worse. My move? Mind one of these Greek beggars doesn't knife you."

"I'll take care of that."

"She isn't a bad little girl. Plenty of pluck. That's my pawn."

"You see," said Vine, all sunshine again. "the Makromartis tried hard to lure the Chief there. Chief said—check—he'd see 'em in Hades first."

"Your move. Must have felt warmly about it. He isn't usually given that way."

"No; he can't stand a dance. Likes to sneak off to the club for a quiet rubber with Polidari and a lot of other fogies. But he knows my people, and so——"

Somers sat up with a grin. "Well, I'm——"

"Not yet, but you will be some day if you don't look after your king."

"Tha'anks. D'you mean to say you had the cheek—the infernal impudence—to ask the Chief?"

"Minnie said if I paraded him up there on time, she'd give me three dances, and let me take her in to supper."

"Minnie?"

"I mean, Miss Pinkney."

"Whew-w! You're making the pace pretty fast. I'd like to have seen the Chief's face."

"Oh, he said—it's your move—he said if I could get him there in time he'd go. There's only one train into Pera, and he wasn't going to ride seventeen miles after having been in the saddle all day."

"Why do the Pinkneys want him so much? Mind my knight."

"Just to sit on the Makromartis. There's a kind of blood-feud on, you know. They'll die of mortification if the Chief turns up at the Pinkneys' show."

Somers studied the board intently. Then he threw down his cigarette, and captured a bishop. "Train goes at four, eh?"

"Yes. If the Chief misses it, Minnie cuts me dead, and young Makromarti takes her into supper, the beast."

"Look out for your knight. So you want me to help put the halter round your neck? Check."

The lad turned away in a huff. "I hate that beastly cynicism," he said; "it's loathsome. The fellows who've gone the pace always lose more than they gain. If I couldn't believe in a woman, I'd think it was because I wasn't worthy any woman's belief in me." He picked up the board, which he had knocked down. "What the deuce is that row on the roof?"

Dillon came to the door in a state of suppressed excitement. "Shure, I've been having an althercation with the ould blayguard, your honors. I fished for him with a candle this time, but he spit it up again, the villain."

"Leave him alone, Dillon, or you'll get into trouble. You've greased his beak, and it won't rattle so much," said Vine.

Somers rose leisurely, and yawned. "You've got the complaint badly, young 'un. S'pose I'll have to see you through. We'll finish that game to-morrow."

"Sorry I flared up just now."

"Oh! that's all right," said the other, humming a tune.

If a man has got the ready, and is circumspect and steady,
They'll hook him in a jiffy, and march him off to church;
But if he lacks the rhino, though he fret, and fume, and pine, O
Mamma will waddle round her flock, and leave him in the lurch.

"You'll be wanting to murder me directly if I give vent to any more such disgusting sentiments. There's the Chief walking up. How he's stretching himself! Going to turn in?"

"No; letters to write."

"To her? Write every day, eh? Got her photo, and a select assortment of decaying vegetable matter to paw about?"

Vine picked up the chess-board, and Somers ducked.

"No good, young'un. You'll have to stand schooling," he said, kindly. "You know me?"

"Ye-es."

"Well, we'll have that train to-morrow, even if the old brute at the War Office cashiers the lot of us, and we make an international question of it, as they did about Smithson and the donkies."

"What was that?"

"Oh, Smithson couldn't get his back pay, and made such a row that at last they sent him two loads of copper money on donkies. He wouldn't take it, so they tied the donkies to the knocker and then bolted. When they came back for the donkies, Smithson had sold 'em and the Turks too. Good-night."

Left alone, Vine pulled out a bundle of letters and began to read. When Somers returned from a chat with the Chief the lad was asleep on a divan, his lips parted in a happy smile.

Somers gazed curiously at the boy for a moment. "Heavens, what a thing it is to be young!" he said. "I'll hold that train to-morrow if I'm shot for it." He threw a rug over Vine, and turned in on the opposite divan.

On the roof above, serene, immovable as Fate, the persecuted stork stood buried in a thoughtful reverie as to the delectable food thrown to him by the red-haired Giaour who would haul it back again before it was properly assimilated. One by one, the fires died away on the hill-sides; one by one, the stars shone out; one by one, the sentries' heads fell forward on their breasts as they vainly strove to keep awake. The stork, rousing himself from a protracted reverie, flung back his long beak with an exasperating rattle, but the sentries slept on. Why struggle against Fate? So they snored in unison.

* * * * * *

As Vine splashed about in his tub the next morning he heard a clash of swords in the courtyard. "By Jove!" he cried, letting fall his sponge, "there's a council to-day. The Chief will never get off in time."

Somers looked in later. "Don't worry, young'un," he said. "Haven't I sworn by the beard of the Prophet to pull you through?"

"Yes, but——"

"What? Get on with your work. The council won't last more than an hour. Old Fehmi Pasha's in a tearing rage because he hasn't been asked to breakfast, so he won't stay long; and they'll all waddle off with him."

Vine worked away like a demon. He even went down to Halil, the head of the stables, and bribed that olive-skinned functionary to give the horses of the Staff a double feed. Halil took the money, put a double supply of corn in the mangers, and when Vine disappeared, replaced it in his sack with the utmost care, which was unrighteous but Oriental.

After his solitary lunch, Vine ordered round a horse, and rode slowly out of the arched gateway, past the mosque fountain, at which a group of white-robed women were silently filling their pitchers. All the ugly ones gave a shrill cry and turned their faces to the wall. The prettiest girl in the village, however, let fall her yashmak, and stared coquettishly at the handsome little Giaour as he bent to his saddle bow, and put a coin between her henna-tipped fingers in exchange for a flower. When he reached the level ground above the valley, Vine sent his horse along at a pace which left the escort far behind. Suddenly, he remembered Miss Pinkney wanted some wild flowers, and couldn't find any worthy of such a divinity. The smell of the poppies was simply disgusting. Besides, a fair girl couldn't wear such flaring colors. He contented himself with some wind flowers, and fell into a pleasing reverie, from which he was awakened by his horse coming a cropper.

Vine stood on his sun-helmet for a moment, then fell forward. His wrist was sprained, and he felt dizzy. "Good beginning," he muttered grimly, as he picked himself up. "Lucky I didn't break the beggar's knees."

He crawled disconsolately into the little station; however, there was no sign of the train from Philipopolis. He fumed and raved, but was reassured when the Turkish station-master informed him that it hadn't arrived on time. "When would it be in?" The station-master could not say. If it didn't come to-day, Allah might send it to-morrow. What would be, would be. No one could hurry a train.

"I don't want to hurry it," said Vine. "I want to keep it back."

The station-master was equally impassive. "If Allah willed it, the train would be kept back. If not, it wouldn't; and there was an end of the matter. Mahomet was the prophet of——"

"Oh, of course," said Vine, disgustedly. "I've heard that several thousand times in the last six months; but Mahomet isn't running this railway. He'd never have got away from his enemies if he'd trusted to one of your trains."

The station-master regretfully admitted this, and ordered pipes and coffee. If a little Giaour could make such a big fuss, what would a great one do? He gave up the calculation, and sipped his coffee placidly.

Vine sent a soldier to the top of the hill to look out for the Chief. Presently, the soldier galloped back, and reported that Somers Pasha was racing the train. There was no sign whatever of the Chief.

Somers came in first by a quarter of a mile. Vine was too cut up to say anything. But he looked volumes as he mournfully bandaged his wrist.

"All right, young 'un," said Somers, cheerily. "The Chief will be along in an hour."

"In what?"

"In an hour. Got the chess-board?"

"Oh, confound the chess. Let's go home. The train will be off directly. It's no use our going into town. I daren't show up at the Pinkneys."

Somers turned to his orderly, and said a few words in Turkish.

The orderly swung into the saddle, walked his horse up to the engine, and halted across the line.

Somers leisurely sipped a cup of coffee. For a quarter of an hour the passengers made no sign. Then, even Oriental passivity rebelled at this wanton delay. The engine driver danced up and down on the tender, threatened to run over the motionless soldier, and cursed his ancestors for ten generations back.

"Come on," said Somers, leisurely mounting his white charger.

He rode up to the engine, followed by Vine, and took his orderly's place. "Now run over me if you dare, "pezziwinkbashi," he said to the driver. "You don't look ready for Paradise just yet."

"Pezziwinkbashi" is the one untranslatable word in the Turkish tongue. For fulness of expression, completeness of abuse, and copiousness of imputation, it is unrivalled in any language.

The engine driver cooled down, mumbled a verse of the Koran, and lit a cigarette. "Effendi," he said, "you are a big man, the biggest man of all. I am a coal-shovelling slave. Let me be as dirt in your sight. Heap ashes on my beard, but spare me, for I have many wives."

"The oddest reason I ever heard for sparing a man," said Somers. "Vine, did you bring the chess-men along? We may as well finish our game of last night."

Vine wheeled his horse up to the engine, and they began to play. In another quarter of an hour, a handsome young officer leapt out of the train, and rushed towards them in a tearing rage.

Somers looked a little disconcerted. "By Jove," he said. "It's Osman Ghazi's aide-de-camp; and Osman Ghazi is Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish army—the biggest man of all."

He laughed softly. "I shall be put under arrest. Vine, we've kept the great Osman Ghazi waiting nearly an hour, all for the sake of that little blue-eyed girl in Constantinople. You've done for my career as a Turkish officer—dished me quite. He can't touch a civilian."

Vine's blood was up. "My game, if you can't dodge that check. First time I've ever seen a Turk in a hurry. Shall I insult him?"

"No; keep cool, or you'll lose your bishop."

The aide-de-camp saluted. What was the meaning of it all? If His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief had not been asleep until within the last five minutes, he would have demanded the colonel's sword. As it was, unless he (the officer) received the most abject apology, the colonel would be placed under arrest.

"Come back in ten minutes," said Somers, nonchalantly. "I shall have decided by that time. I never argue."

The aide-de-camp rushed back in amazement. The Biggest Man of All was seen to slowly waddle out of the carriage, surrounded by his obsequious staff.

Somers set his teeth hard. "And the Chief is only a general of division! There he comes at last."

Osman Ghazi waddled up, purple with passion. "His sword," he said to an aide-de-camp. "All these English are mad. His sword, I say. Take the other also."

At this moment, the Chief rode calmly up, and blandly saluted his great rival. He had scented trouble from afar. The Biggest Man of All returned the Chief's salute with scant courtesy. "General," he said, "your officer's sword. If it is not surrendered, I shall demand yours also."

The Chief smiled again. "Charmed to meet your Excellency. May I ask how a member of my staff has incurred your displeasure?"

The Biggest Man of All looked dangerous. He was not accustomed to give reasons. "Your officer's sword, General or

—" He paused, significantly.

"Never mind me, Sir," said Somers saluting his Chief. "I promised that youngster to hold the train for you."

The Chief smiled sweetly. "Pardon me, Excellency, if I venture to think that you are exceeding your authority."

Osman shook his head. They were all mad, these English dogs, and sons of dogs, but the Prophet had delivered them into his hand. He motioned to his men to close up. "I place you under arrest also, General," he said, with a sneer. "You forget who I am."

The Chief smiled more sweetly than before. "There is only one in higher authority than myself," he said, producing a document from his tunic; "and that is our master, the Sultan. Here is a 'firman' giving me absolute control over the railway and its traffic, with power to stay all trains or alter them at will. When your Excellency travels on this line, you come under my jurisdiction as much as the meanest peasant."

Osman Ghazi put the paper to his forehead and bowed down in the dust. "Who am I to dispute my Lord the Sultan's commands, Excellency?" and he motioned to his officers to fall back. "You are the Biggest Man of All. Now, we will push on."

"'Pekke' (presently)" said the Chief. "Let us have coffee, and the cigarette of consolation."

Somers and Vine, still sitting their horses, went on with the game at chess, which was ultimately won by Vine. The Chief smoked half-a-dozen cigarettes, and then leisurely took his place in the train followed humbly by Osman Ghazi.

They reached Constantinople two hours late. Vine was unable to dance on account of his wrist, so he waived his privilege in favor of the Chief. His engagement to Miss Pinkney was announced a day later.

The Chief gave away the bride. Somers (he officiated as best man) abjectly funked the whole business. "Had to do it, or Vine would have eaten me," he explained to the bride, in the Embassy chapel, after the ceremony was over.

"Nonsense, Colonel Somers," she laughed. "You got through it splendidly."

She swept down the aisle on Vine's arm. The boy seemed to have grown a foot at least. Somers looked after them reflectively. "Jove!" he said suddenly, "a thought strikes, me, Sir," turning to the Chief.

"Yes? What is it?"

"That little beggar," (he gazed after Vine's retreating figure), "was the Biggest Man after all; he got the prize."

The Chief smiled again. Then his features returned to their customary sphinx-like immobility. He had been twice married. "Kim bellr?" he said, which, being interpreted, means—"Who knows?"

The Biter Bitten.

BY A. T. S.

ON A lonely moor in the north of Scotland a number of weasels were playing and running to and fro in a clear space among the purple heather one evening in early autumn, seemingly unconscious of the close watch kept upon them by two pairs of keen eyes from a clump of bushes not far away, in which lay hidden two men, who, by their muddy boots, their torn and wetted clothes, and the guns and game bags which they carried, were evidently just coming back from a hard day's shooting.

A very pretty sight they made, those nimble, bright-eyed, sleek-coated little beasts, as they chased each other playfully hither and thither, or played hide and seek in and out of the heather clumps, and, while watching their graceful movements and harmless gambols, it would certainly have been no easy matter for any man to bear in mind that these charming little frolicsome creatures were really, in their own small way, as ferocious as tigers and as cruel and treacherous as wolves.

But all at once, just as the frolic was at its height, the weasels broke off their game, and began to show unmistakable signs of uneasiness. Several of them darted quick and nervous glances around them, as if scenting some coming danger, while one or two timid spirits even began to slink away towards the sheltering holes beneath the roots of the heather, from which they had so recently issued.

"They're beginning to scent us out at last, Donald," whispered one of the two concealed watchers, a slight, handsome, active-looking young man, with a trim black moustache, to his companion, a tall, gaunt, red-haired, hard-featured old fellow, who seemed to be—as, indeed, he was—the speaker's gamekeeper. "They've found us out and I'm sorry for it, for it was really a very pretty sight to see them at their play."

"It's no' us that's frightin' them, my lord," answered Donald, with a knowing air. "There's anither enemy at hand, whom they hae gude cause to fear, puir wee beasties. See yon?"

"Yon" was a small black spot, far up against the cold gray dimness of the darkening sky, to which the old gamekeeper pointed as he spoke.

When he first called attention to it, it was so minute as not to be easily discerned at all by any eye less keen than his own; but it grew rapidly larger, and was manifestly descending with great speed towards the earth.

In proportion as it did so the terror of the weasels appeared to increase, and at length there ensued a general scamper to the protection of the rock burrows, into which they vanished in such headlong haste as to show that their panic was, at all events, perfectly genuine.

"Is it an eagle?" asked the younger man, with sparkling eyes, for though he had brought down many different kinds of game this was his first chance of "bagging" the king of birds himself.

"Ay, ay, it's that," answered old Donald, whose iron visage lighted up with a gleam of sportsman-like satisfaction as he spoke.

Lord Benmore clutched instinctively at his double barrel, unloaded though it was, but the old gamekeeper stayed his hand, saying, in an emphatic whisper—

"Bide a wee (wait a bit), my lord; I ken weel what yon erne (eagle) is after, and if I'm no mista'en, ye'll see an unco curious sicht ere it's lang."

By this time the weasels' playground was almost deserted, all the tiny merry-makers being gone but one. That one was a beast considerably larger and stronger than the rest—probably the "captain" of this new kind of public school—which had been at a little distance from the others when the general flight took place, and now, either ignorant of the impending danger, or defying it, remained out in the open ground instead of seeking refuge like his more prudent comrades.

Old Donald MacPherson's quaint prophecy had scarcely been uttered ere it was fulfilled. The eagle, which had by this time descended near enough to the ground to be fully visible in all its grand proportions, suddenly made a pounce as swift and straight as a stone let fall from the sky. There was a shrill squeak, half drowned by a hoarse scream of triumph, and then the rash weasel was gone, and away darted the feathered pirate up into the air once more.

"See what you've done now, MacPherson!" cried the young sportsman savagely.

"You've just gone and lost me a splendid shot, and the only chance I ever had at an eagle yet. Why the deuce did you stop me? I'd have had plenty of time to reload and bring him down all right, confound it!"

"Bide a wee, my lord," repeated the imperturbable Scotsman, with the very ghost of a smile flickering over his cast-iron features. "I'm thinkin' the shot will no' be needed."

And, in truth, the words were hardly spoken when the triumphant eagle, which had already risen to a considerable height above the ground, began to flutter wildly and to utter a succession of hoarse shrieks, as if in mortal pain or terror. Then it soared, or rather shot, up perpendicularly to a vast height, and then suddenly closed its wings and fell to the earth like a stone, at no great distance from the spot where the two ambushed sportsmen were crouching.

Completely bewildered by this mysterious and wholly unexpected catastrophe, the young Englishman ran forward as fast as his legs could carry him to the place where the eagle had fallen, while Donald followed at a somewhat less headlong pace.

At Lord Benmore's approach a weasel started up close to his feet, and scurried away, but the fallen bird lay quite still where it had dropped, and one glance showed him that it was dead, and that its plumage was deeply stained with blood.

"Hallo!" cried he, turning with a look of amazement to Donald, who had just come up; "surely it can't be possible that——"

"Aye, my lord, it's possible and it's the fack," rejoined old MacPherson, coolly; "I has seen the like before, and I kenned it wad be this way. Yon wee beastie has killed its enemy its ainsel,' and I ca' that a verra gude case o' the 'biter bit.'"

The old gamekeeper was right. Being, by some miracle, but slightly hurt by the eagle's claws, which held it fast without actually piercing its flesh, the brave little beast had writhed itself upward in its captor's clutch and fastened its formidable teeth in the latter's body just beneath the left wing. The bite severed a large artery, and the winged corsair, having vainly striven to shake off that deadly grip, fell exhausted to the earth and died almost before he reached it.

FRIENDSHIP.—There is a period in every man's life when he experiences disappointments contrary to his expectations and the frustration of his wished-for hopes, which make him despondent and dampen his prospects. Acquaintances are but casual to whom we can claim attachment by any amenities. Some come and go like April showers, but those whom we esteem as friends and upon whom we rely are linked to us inseparably in spirit and purpose. What a piercing wound it inflicts upon us when a friend deserts us or proves untrue. It is like a poisoned arrow piercing us unaware. Friendship is a plant of slow growth which needs culture and nurture to strengthen and ripen it. A friend is said to be your second self; so he is, for he reflects your thoughts and feelings in unison with your own. Friendship when true and sincere should be like a fountain from which emanates what is pure and clear. I do not believe in what the poet writes:

> And what is friendship but a name,
> A charm which lulls to sleep,
> A shade that follows wealth and fame
> And leaves the wretch to weep—

but rather in what a benevolent man said, "I am with my friends in prosperity never, but with them in adversity ever. Better to be a nettle in the side of your friend than his echo. The only reward of virtue is virtue; the only way to deserve a friend is to be one. The essence of friendship is sincerity and trust." L. G. W.

HE PAINTED THEM.—Among the strange freaks of the last Viennese Carnival was the adoption by several of the Kaiserstadt's leading beauties of imitation feet and sandals, as accessories to mythological or classical costumes.

Having indued flesh-colored tights provided with thin soles, these ladies committed their delicate extremities to the manipulation of skilled artists, who deftly painted thereupon counterfeit presentments of toes, sandals, and laces, all complete.

It appears that the pretty wife of an eminent Viennese historical painter had chosen the dress of a water-sprite wherein to attend the "G'schnas Ball," and solicited her talented husband's aid to "make up" her feet in the manner indicated. He consented; but, being of a jealous disposition, prompting him to be chary of enhancing his wife's natural charms by adventitious means, he put off the foot-painting operation until the last moment.

When however the carriage was at the door, and the water-sprite's toilet completed in all respects but one, he seized brush and palette, and addressed himself, seemingly in feverish haste, to his task, hurrying his wife off to the ball as soon as her mimic feet were ready, without giving her time to inspect them.

On entering the gaily-lighted ball-room, the lady cast a hurried glance at her husband's artistic achievements. Her horror may be imagined when she perceived that the pink silk tights in which her dainty feet were imprisoned had been admirably illuminated by his master-hand with horrible representations of chilblains, bunions, and corns only too true to nature. That night she danced not, but sat sadly in a corner, hiding her travestied feet under her chair as best she might.

UTILIZING SAWDUST.—With a view to utilizing sawdust as a material for mechanical purposes, numerous experiments have for a long time past been made, and a process has now been introduced by which it is claimed, a substance is produced from common sawdust, by the application or use of an acid, that promises to be of positive value. It is described as being exceedingly firm of texture and of such hardness as to be incapable of being bored by a common gimlet or of being penetrated by a nail, is more impervious to the action of the elements than the ordinary metals or the common building stones, and practically indestructible by fire. It is represented as being stronger than timber for joists and girders, as well as several times lighter than iron or steel, while the cost of manufacture is declared to be so low as to bring it into competition with both wood and iron.

Scientific and Useful.

THE HORSE'S SPEED.—A French officer has invented a hippometer which will register the paces of a horse and the ground covered.

TO BLEACH IVORY.—To bleach ivory discolored by age and handling, expose to the sun under glass—the direct action of the sun will tend to crack it. Or place on strips of zinc in a vessel, cover with spirits of turpentine, expose to the sun. It is not necessary that this should be done under glass.

FIREDAMP.—A valuable addition to the many forms of apparatus used for the detection of firedamp has been made in the introduction of an automatic detector of great sensitiveness and absolute certainty of action. A series of tubes through which the air of the most dangerous points of the mine is pumped are conducted into a chamber in which is a lighted Bunsen burner. When the gases contain more than six per cent. of methane, the mixture ignites and moves a valve, which strikes a gong and thus gives warning. Smaller quantities of explosive gas can be detected by adding to the mixture known quantities of methane. Another advantage of the apparatus is that the condition of the air of a mine can be ascertained before any one enters the workings.

POSTAL CALL-BOX.—A very ingenious automatic machine has been established near the letter box at Charing Cross Station, for the collection of letters to be forwarded by the Post-office Express Service. It is in electrical connection with the postal telegraph office opposite the station. By dropping a penny into the slot, and pulling out the slide, a brown-colored envelope is delivered. This envelope contains another envelope and a card. The communication is intended to be written on the card, which is then enclosed in the white envelope, and this, with the fees for delivery, which have been fixed at three pence per mile, is re-enclosed in the outer envelope and deposited in the box behind the flap, which bears the printed instructions. The act of withdrawing the slide sends the call-signal to the telegraph office, and a messenger is at once despatched to collect the special letters.

Farm and Garden.

WHEN a belt gets saturated with waste oil, an application of ground chalk will soon absorb the oil and makes the belt workable.

DISINFECTANT.—A disinfectant which combines cheapness with general worth, is found in permanganate of potash. One ounce will make a bucketful of disinfectant. It is a crystal, and can be kept in this state until ready for use.

GOOSEBERRIES.—Comparatively few people have found out what merit there is in gooseberries, how keen and appetizing the flavor when used as rhubarb is, while green, and how easily kept in jars for frequent enjoyment all through the year. They have a special and most agreeable flavor.

CORN COBS.—There is enough nutriment in corn cobs to make it profitable to grind the whole ears. Even the husk may be ground with the ears, and in fattening cattle this kind of food is very economical. Horses will eat such food with avidity, and as it must be masticated it is better digested than even chopped grain is. The use of corn in this form saves the labor of husking.

IN LIQUID.—The use of liquid manures should be done with judgment, especially during dry weather. When giving roses or other flowering plants a needed stimulant, it is best to apply cold water profusely, allowing sufficient time for the plants to quench their thirst before applying the liquid manure. To do this properly saturate the ground around the plants at night, and apply the stimulant early in the morning before the sun appears.

IN THE WEAKNESS FOLLOWING the Grip, as an Invigorator and Strength-giver, there is no nicer, safer, or more effectual medicine than Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge. Its dose for a grown person is only from one to two teaspoonfuls, and when mixed with a little cold water and sweetened, is pleasant to the taste; while its little cost places it within the reach of every one. As a Worm medicine for children it is unequalled. Small bottles 35 cents and double size 50 cents each. Buy of your Druggist.

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As to Responsibility.

We ought, every one of us, to weigh what we do, and to mean what we say, and did we do so we should perhaps have less controversy about truth and truth speaking.

But what is responsibility? There is a certain life in words, a soul about them, which should not be killed out. It may be all very well for a German composer to write songs without words, but it will not do for any of us to utter words without meanings; and yet too many people babble away through life, talking for talking sake, hinting here, suggesting there, doubting this man's faith or that man's truth, without really meaning what they say, or having the most remote idea that they are morally responsible for a great wrong.

Perhaps they are puzzled by a long word. Perhaps they do not know that the word means that we shall all have to give a certain account of what we do, and how we have done it.

"All men," writes Carlyle, "if they work not as in a Great Taskmaster's eye, will work wrong, will work unhappily for themselves and for you." That is, if they shirk their responsibility. But many men never think of it.

If a railway train runs off the track, if a steamboat blows up, if a druggist's sleepy assistant administers arsenic instead of salts, if a cabman runs over your child, you can understand responsibility then. The law understands it perfectly.

The railway company has to pay compensation, the druggist is censured, his assistant punished, the cabman is fined; and yet in all these accidents—for, unphilosophically speaking, they are so—there is nothing so responsible as an idle word, a misused talent, and (the sum of all) a wasted life. We all want looking after.

"If the master," says quaint old Thomas Fuller, a writer not nearly so well known as he should be, "takes no account of his servants, they will make small account of him, and care not what they spend who are never brought to an audit."

It is not only the great ones who have to submit to "an audit of their accounts." Thank Heaven (and we should have cause to be even more heartily thankful were the duty more widely felt) we have all of us, rich and poor, to look forward to that; for if we were to take away from man the proper sense of a final balancing of accounts, it would be impossible to conceive to what unbridled lengths tyranny would go.

Now, however, disguise it as we may, each of us feels more or less answerable for his actions. This feeling we term conscience; and although it may be laid quietly asleep for years, there will come a time when it awakens with terrible force.

But it is not only towards others, it is towards ourselves that we should remember we are responsible. If we are channels and agents of good or evil to each other, we are infinitely more so to ourselves; and although a mere selfish idea of aggrandizement may fill the inventor's mind, or an empty love of fame the mind of the poet, yet activity on the part of these two will result in good to their fellows. Hence we are answerable, not only for our doings, but our restings.

So curiously are we constituted that, whereas pride will come to our aid in some matters, a false modesty, which is considerably worse, because more hypocritical than pride, will aid us in others. "What on earth, or above it, or under it," one man will say, "has all this talking to do with me? I am a common man; I have received only common gifts, and not half enough of them. I am a poor, neglected fellow, of no use and of no influence. I have no wealth, no station, no great amount of intelligence, and therefore my influence is nothing; if it be nothing, then my responsibility is not much."

What, however, is true on a grand scale, is true on a smaller one; what is right with the whole, must be so with any given part.

If Lord Bacon, and William Shakspere, and John Milton, and John Bunyan, have to answer for the use or misuse of their gifts, then our little writers, and thinkers, and talkers, and speakers, will certainly have to do so for what they have said and done in their day.

It is not on public men alone that this responsibility rests. There is hardly a man or woman on this world who is not doing something whereby he or she influences the mind and the actions of others.

Thus, not only dress, but thoughts and actions have their fashions. We think alike, act alike, and speak alike; and as the greatest river rises from a little rill, which is fed in its course by other innumerable little rills, until at last great streams also join it, so popular opinion rises from the thought of one man, and the whole action of a nation is based upon that.

And as these great rivers, when at first but little, seeking new levels and fresh valleys, may be turned aside by a single little rock, so a bold and good man, acting upon his own honest conscience and thought, may turn with and divert the thoughts of a nation, and bend them and their consequent actions to good or evil.

All the stones of a pyramid may not be equal in size, but each has its use and place. And so with men and women; we are not all equally clever; but our responsibility is equal, and must hardly be measured by the extent of our influence.

THAT charity alone endures which flows from a sense of duty and a hope in God. This is the charity that treads in secret those paths from which all but the lowest of human wretches have fled; this is that charity which no labor can weary, no ingratitude detach, no horror disgust; that toils, that pardons, that suffers; that is seen by no man, and honored by no man; but, like the great laws of Nature, does the work of God in silence and looks to a future and better world for its reward.

IT is by affliction chiefly that the heart of man is purified, and that the thoughts are fixed on a better state. Prosperity, alloyed and imperfect as it is, has power to intoxicate the imagination, to fix the mind upon the present scene, to produce confidence and elation, and to make him who enjoys affluence and honors forget the hand by which they were bestowed. It is seldom that we are, otherwise than by affliction, awakened to a sense of our imbecility, or taught to know how little all our acquisitions can conduce to safety or to quiet; and how justly we may ascribe to the superintendence of a higher Power those blessings which, in the wantonness of success, we considered as the attainments of our policy or courage.

LITTLE words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly farthest, and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are stillest, and little hearts the fullest, and little farms the best tilled. Little books are the most read, and little songs the most loved. And, when Nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little—little pearls, little diamonds, little dews. Much in little is the great beauty of all that we love best, hope for most and remember the longest.

SOME people prefer to eat just before going to bed. They say it is natural for animals to sleep after eating. But, while comparative rest is a good thing after one's meals, we consider that sleep is not. Most persons will rest much better if they do not eat for some time before going to bed.

A SINGLE snowflake—who cares for it? But a whole day of snowflakes, obliterating the landmarks, drifting over the doors, gathering upon the mountains to crash in avalanches—who does not care for that? Private opinion is weak, but public opinion is almost omnipotent.

ENVY cannot be hid. It accuses and judges without proofs; it exaggerates defects; its conversation is filled with gall, exaggeration and injury. It stands out with obstinacy and with fury against striking merit. It is hasty, insensible and brutal.

AS a cross word begets a word that is cross, so will a kind one beget its own likeness. If people only knew the power they possess in being kind, how much good would they achieve for themselves, how much misery prevent for others!

AT all times presence of mind is valuable. In time of repose it enables us to say and to do whatever is most befitting the occasion that presents itself; while in time of trial it may protect, and in danger preserve.

IT is utterly impossible for the best men to please the whole world; and the sooner this is understood, and a position taken in view of this fact, the better. Do right, though you have enemies.

VIRTUE consists in doing our duty in the several relations we sustain, in respect to ourselves, to our fellow men, and to God, as known from reason, conscience and revelation.

NO man is born into this world whose work is not born with him; there is always work, and tools to work withal, for those who will; and blessed are the heavy hands of toil.

FOR work to be the promoter of long and valuable life, we must know how to perform it and within what limits. Like everything else, we must use without abusing it.

NOT only is it difficult to say the right thing in the right place, but far more difficult still to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment.

THE sweetest music is not in the oratorio, but in the human voice when it speaks in tones of tenderness, truth, or courage.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

M. M.—The authoress of the story you inquire about is an English lady, who, as yet, does not care to associate her real name with her work.

LEX.—The highest tribunal in the United States is the Supreme Court at Washington. Next come the nine United States Circuit Courts. Next are the United States District Courts. Of these there are sixty-two. There are five United States Courts in the Territories also.

A. K.—A round robin is a petition signed in such a way that no name heads the list; thus the signatures are placed in the form of a circle. The term is a corruption of the French round (round), ruban (a ribbon). The round robin was first adopted by the officers of that Government as a means of making their wrongs public.

MINNIE.—Sleep-walking is often a very serious matter, and indicates a state of the nervous system which may stand urgently in need of treatment. Do not delay a week unnecessarily, but at once consult a respectable medical practitioner. If possible, let him be one who has some previous knowledge of your history and is acquainted with your family.

MADGIE.—The Goths after their victories gave titles and honors to heroes. These titles were at first territorial. The nobility of England date from 1066, when William I. created William Fitz-Osborn Earl of Hertford. The term "nobility" is older than its application to a particular class of persons. These were called "noble" to distinguish them from the multitude.

ALICE.—In the west of Ireland it is firmly believed that children born on May Eve are under the special protection of the fairies or "good people," that whatever they attempt succeeds—that they are, in fact, "lucky." May Eve is a kind of saturnalia among the same "gentry," an occasion upon which they are sure to play some of their pranks, and most of the cottagers in Ireland have a rowan bough over their doors on that eve to protect them from their depredations.

GLADYS C.—The barnacle goose is not produced from the barnacles that grow on timber exposed to salt-water; of that be assured. The idea is an old fable. The birds belong to the northern hemisphere, and are common to the Old World as well as the New; they are truly marine, seldom quitting salt-water, and coming southward in vast flocks towards autumn, frequenting bays and estuaries on our coasts, where they live chiefly on sea-grass.

FALING.—We do not disbelieve in "Spiritualism" because "the age of miracles is past," but because there is no instance on record among the stories of so-called "spiritualistic" phenomena in which any intelligible object has been gained by the intervention of spirits. This seems to us conclusive. Of the hundreds of thousands of parents, husbands, wives, and children who have departed, leaving those they loved bereaved and in agony, not one has come back to give a word of comfort, to dry a tear, to dispel an anxiety. Is it conceivable that the departed would knock about furniture, clang tambourines, and write absurd messages on slates if they could communicate? Never, until it be shown that the ministrations of departed spirits are worthy of their former selves, will the earnest and the rational part of the community begin to believe in these "manifestations." They are either frauds or the reflex exercise of powers which we do not yet fully understand.

D. M.—"Bad" and "heated" air are not synonymous terms. Heated air is lighter than cold air, and therefore ascends; but carbonic acid gas is very much heavier than air—hence it tends to seek a lower level. On the other hand, this tendency is counteracted by what is known as "diffusion," a property in virtue of which all gaseous mixtures tend to become uniform, even if left to themselves and not stirred up. The probable reason of the excess of carbonic acid in the pit of the theatre as compared with the gallery is this. The pit is below the level of the stage, and often below that of the general surface of the soil around the theatre; hence, as a rule, there are no windows near it to ventilate it, and the carbonic acid, as it is generated by the audience, is only slowly removed. The gallery, on the other hand, is in the air, its front is low, there are windows and often skylights above it, and these are generally open, and, moreover, are the highest openings in the house. Hence the general tendency of the hot air to rush up over the gallery and draw after it the cool and pure air coming into the house.

FASCINATION.—"Fascination" is the wrong word to apply. Your lady-friend, as you style her, is nothing more or less than a flirt; and her thoughtless, contemptible behavior, if continued, can end only in the wrecking of her own happiness as well as that of others. Such conduct is anything but characteristic of the true woman. Persons of your friend's stamp have generally more beauty than sense, more selfishness than generosity, more accomplishments than goodness of heart; and they number more fools than wise men for admirers. It may be said of woman as it has been said of man, that she has just as much vanity as she wants understanding. Your friend's occupation may be delightful to her, but it is perilous and despicable, and, if pursued, will bring a bitter punishment. It is dangerous to play with edged tools; a wound will come suddenly and sharply; heartlessness is tricked by heartlessness. In this case there is not only selfishness, but utter want of consideration for another's feelings. What an outlook for domestic happiness—the aim and goal of most men and women's endeavors, the rich reward of all their pains.

SWEET DEATH.

BY F. S.

How many a child, its mother's sweet,
That cheer'd her bosom lonely,
We're doom'd to see
Live, like the bee,
A life of two years only.

The opening bud upon the tree,
That first of spring-tide tasted,
Consumes with blight
Before our sight,
No sooner blown than wasted.

The doting mother's fondest kiss
Kept not her darling near her;
Though woo'd to stay
By smiling May,
The bud felt Death the dearer.

Oh, what a sweet report of Death
The babes and buds are giving,
When mother's bliss
And May's warm kiss,
Entice not on to living!

The Sun Gone Down.

BY T. F.

SUCH is my life now—a life of bitter retrospection, sad memories, and, worse than all, regret—ay, worse and more than regret, remorse—self-torturing, vain, useless remorse, the keen bitterness of which gives no rest either by night or by day—always the same never ending weary pain, going back to the past that can never be undone.

And I sit alone, worn out and weary with weeping, my hands lying idle in my lap, looking out at the fast-falling rain pattering down thickly and steadily on the withered sodden leaves which lie on the wet ground, an emblem of the end of all things—death. The dreary depressing landscape suits my sad mood—the heavy white mist hanging over land and sea is like the cloud that has blotted out my happiness for ever. Only one short year ago I was the happiest of the happy, the gayest of the gay; life seemed to me like one long bright summer day, and the pleasure of the moment the only thing worth seeking after.

Now pleasure seems a mockery, and grief and melancholy, once but faint shadows, are a reality; while with sadness and sorrow I walk along life's road with tears that can never cease to flow, for the old weary pain must always remain, a living regret that makes the aching heart swell nigh to bursting with the vain recollection of what might have been.

I am alone in my sorrow; never a stir in the great house, never a voice breaks the stillness that weighs like a pall upon my spirits; and I look out again through the window, out at the leaden sea barely discernible through the mist and fog, and listen to the sob and moan of the hollow waves on the rocks below.

I think and think, going over the story of my life again, bit by bit, resting with a kind of sad tenderness on the happiness of the past, which seems all the brighter in contrast with the sorrow of the present; and, thinking of one evening in particular, it seems hard to realize that the gay light-hearted girl of that night is now the sorrowful broken-hearted woman sitting with eyes blinded by tears in the gathering gloom.

It seems so long ago; and I close my eyes, and see myself as I was then, proud, exultant, happy, standing flushed and radiant before the mirror, arrayed in gleaming white silk and pearls, my heart beating with new, proud happiness, for there was to be one at the ball that night who was dearer to me than all else besides. For him I had donned my most becoming dress, and chosen the fairest flowers for my hair; and, as I clasped his gift, a gold bracelet, on my arm, I stooped and kissed it for his sake.

Oh, what a light heart I had that night, as I went down stairs, thinking over and over the same glad thought! I was soon to see him, to feel his hand holding mine, to look up into the kind dark eyes, smiling down on me tenderly and lovingly.

Other men told me I was fair of face and form—I had heard and heeded not. Lancelot Ware never paid me so much as a single compliment, yet the unspoken admiration and chivalric devotion of this brave, courtly son of Mars made my heart beat and my color come and go as man's voice or presence had never done yet. I had light gay words and smiles in plenty for others, but in his presence I was silent, feeling strangely happy, content to be near my hero, to hear him speak.

A hero he was in heart, in word, in deed—a soldier, one who had seen service, and had faced death in its worst and most appalling form many and many a time—brave, undaunted, courageous, counting life a light thing compared with honor—a true soldier, brave as a lion with the heart of a child—loved, nay, almost worshipped, by his men—brave fellows all—ready to follow wherever he led. Some said he was grave and stern. Perhaps he may have been; but to me he was always tender, always the same. And I? I was unworthy of him—and I feel my utter unworthiness more now than I did then.

Oh, if he were here now, by my side in the gloaming, never an angry, scornful word—spoken but never meant—would I utter, never a haughty glance should wound him! Lancelot, Lancelot! With all my faults I loved him well, and now he can never, never know!

How happy I was that night, dancing with Lancelot! How fast the hours glided by! And then I remember, when the ball was over, going upstairs in the early dawn, and sitting down by the open window, watching the first golden flush of sunrise, and listening to nature awakening after the night.

All seemed so peaceful, so quiet, the world yet asleep, and the red sun rising up over the tree tops, and sparkling in the dew drops on the lawn, the birds breaking forth in their first notes of early morn—all bright, promising, and peaceful, the earth looking as it might have looked before sin entered the world, bringing sadness and sorrow in its train.

The sun rose higher and higher, and by degrees the daily routine of life commenced, and man went forth to his work and labor until the evening. The stillness and beauty of the picture were gone, and I shut the window, and, full of peaceful thoughts, knelt down and prayed Heaven that I might make Lancelot Ware a good wife, and that it would bless the new life I was so soon to begin.

That calm early summer morning seems only a sad memory now, a little glimpse of my old life, when the sun rose on a world that to me was very fair and promising. How often since then have I wished that I might never see another sun rise!

* * * * * *

We were married, and Lancelot brought me home to his grand old house looking out over the troubled sea, where the briny scent of the ocean was borne in through the windows, and we could hear the wash and murmur of the sad waves all the day long.

I should have been happy—I ought to have been happy—in my quiet, peaceful home—content with the love and companionship of a kind, indulgent husband. Was it my fault, I wonder, that, having been brought up to a life that was one perpetual round of gaiety, I wearied of the quiet monotony of my new life, and yearned for some of the pleasures that had before made part of my existence.

Nearly a year wore away. It was towards the close of autumn, and the long twilight evenings were getting shorter and shorter.

"Lancelot," I said one morning, "here is a letter from my old school friend, Caroline Dering. Don't you remember her?"

Lancelot laid down his paper.

"Yes—she was the girl who went in for little Dacres of ours, was she not?"

"Caroline never 'went in' for any one!" I replied, indignantly. Lancelot laughed, and there was a mischievous twinkle in his eyes as he said—

"Perhaps not; but I remember I was rather afraid of the fair Caroline at one time myself. She sang all Moore's melodies, I recollect, and I had to turn over her music, and do the agreeable. Well, and what does she say, Nina?"

"There are no secrets in it, so I can read the letter.

"'MY OWN DARLING NINA—I have been staying with Harry for a fortnight, and leave next week. I must have a peep at you before returning home, being more than anxious to see how you conduct yourself in your new state. I suppose you are awfully grand, and all that? If you can put me up, please write; it seems such an age since we have met. I shall reserve all news till we meet; and, with kind regards to Major Ware, and much love to yourself, I remain, dearest, ever your affectionate

CAROLINE DERING."

"What a gushing effusion!" commented Lancelot. "Caroline Dering all over!"

"May I write and tell her to come, Lancelot?"

"Of course, darling. Give her my humble respects—say all that is proper from me; and the carriage shall await her at the station upon any day and at any hour she likes to fix."

So Caroline arrived—a young lady as gay and worldly as myself. She was pretty, with the prettiness of good coloring and fine black eyes. She dressed well and walked well, and was by many considered a beauty. Lancelot never liked her. Caroline was 'fast'—and he hated 'fastness.'

"A woman should be a woman," he would say—"not a man in petticoats."

And Caroline would toss her head, and give him some laughing reply.

I do not know how it began, but, after she came, I grew more discontented with my life, and began to think it was a little hard to be kept in a quiet country place, where there was never anything going on.

"I suppose, Nina," said Caroline, one evening, "you entertain in great style?"

Lancelot looked up, and replied for me.

"No; Nina and I have settled down like steady old married people, and content ourselves with only a dinner-party now and then."

Caroline raised her eyebrows.

"You speak for yourself, I am sure, Major Ware. Nina, surely you don't mean to eschew the gaieties of this life—you used to boast you would dance till your hair was white?"

"She has more sense now," said Lancelot, looking over at me with his grave, tender smile. "Nina thinks like me, that life should be made up of more than mere amusement."

"No, Lancelot," I contradicted, rising and going and leaning over him, "I am afraid I like pleasure as much as ever; and, Lancelot, I am longing to give just one grand ball, to fill this venerable old house for once. Caroline and I have planned it all. May I? Please say 'Yes.'"

He lifted his eyes half sadly to mine, and took my hand in his.

"I thought we had done with balls for ever, Nina?"

He must have seen the disappointment in my face at his words, for he added, speaking kindly and earnestly—

"Do you then care so very much about it?"

"Care about it, Lancelot! I shall love all that is gay and worldly as long as I live!" was my rash reply.

Caroline laughed—my husband's face grew grave.

"Is that only bravado, Nina, or truth?"

"Truth—sober reality. But, Lancelot, may I give the ball, please—only for once?"

"I cannot resist you, as you wish it—yes."

I remember his smiling at almost childish excitement, for the ball was for the next three weeks the only topic of conversation between Caroline and myself.

"I wish it were over," said Lancelot, as for the fiftieth time I explained the arrangements and the pretty decorations we had taken such trouble to plan.

"Over!" echoed Caroline. "Surely this first ball of Nina's will not be her last?"

Lancelot shrugged his shoulders.

"Possibly, Miss Dering; but it seems to me that this great ball is hardly worth all the trouble. Everything else is forgotten and neglected in the carrying out of the plans that are to amuse a crowd of people for a few hours. My opinion is that there never was a ball given yet that was worth all the fuss."

"We are simple enough to enjoy such a species of entertainment thoroughly," rejoined Caroline.

"Nina, will you have a gallop this afternoon?" asked Lancelot. "You won't be able to hold Carabineer if you don't give him exercise."

"Oh, Lancelot, I really can't go out this afternoon! There are such hosts of things to be seen about. After the ball I will ride whenever you like."

Lancelot looked disappointed, and in the afternoon started on his solitary ride.

* * * * * *

My first great ball was given, and very proud I was at its success; even Lancelot looked pleased, and complimented me on the way I acted as hostess. It came to an end at last; the gay rooms were deserted, and the ball room looked dreary and desolate with dawn breaking in cold and gay.

Lancelot came up and put his arm round me.

"Well, are you satisfied, Nina?"

"Perfectly. Oh, Lancelot, I am so happy!"

"I am glad of it, darling; but you are not happy, too, when we are alone together—you and I?"

"Yes, but I love excitement. I should like to go to a dance every night of my life, or a theatre, or something. Don't look so shocked, Lancelot. I should indeed."

"Nina, if I believed half the nonsense you talk, I should be obliged to think I have a very frivolous little wife."

"So you have," I returned, half laughing, half annoyed, for he spoke almost bitterly.

And so ended my great ball.

It was only the commencement, however, of a series of frivolities. Caroline's visit was prolonged at my request to an indefinite period, and we had luncheon and croquet parties, impromptu dances, privates concerts, and all sorts of gaiety within an incredibly short space of time.

Where there is a will there is a way. I carried all before me, and got the credit of being the gayest and most delightful creature in the county, while I was adored by the young people in the neighborhood; and Caroline backed me up, and flirted to her heart's content. Once or twice Lancelot ventured to remonstrate with me, but he was eventually overruled.

"You must stop somewhere, Nina," he said, at last. "This kind of thing cannot go on for ever."

"Yes, it can, Lancelot. We are going to have private theatricals on the twenty-ninth."

His face suddenly grew dark and pale.

"Going to have? You forgot I have a voice in the matter."

I laughed as I answered, lifting my eyes to his stern gaze—

"No, I didn't forget; but, Lancelot, I was afraid you wouldn't allow it, so it was all arranged beforehand."

"I will not allow it!" was the crushing reply. "Nina, I am more than surprised that you should have dared to count me a mere cipher in my house, and treat my will and wishes as nothing."

At his voice of stern displeasure—the first words of anger he had ever addressed to me—the quick tears sprang to my eyes; but with the tears came the proud determination to carry out my point, and I rose and stood before my husband, flushed and defiant.

"It shall take place! Nothing can alter my plans now!"

"Nina!"

That was all he said, but, looking up into his eyes, I realized for the first time that he was my master, and my eyes fell beneath his.

If we had been alone then, all would have been different; that stern, sad gaze would have brought me repentant and in tears to his feet. But Caroline Dering was sitting by, bending over her embroidery, a half smile on her face, and I would not give in. I would have the mastery yet, and, thinking I saw signs of relenting on his face, I pressed my point.

But Lancelot was firm; he did not lose his temper, but his eyes darkened and the stern lines about his mouth deepened. I might have known him well enough to be sure that when once he had said a thing he would never go back from his word. How I hate myself now for all that I said that day!

"Stop!" said Lancelot. "There should never be a scene like this between husband and wife. Nina, you must obey me. Once for all I forbid the theatricals."

Caroline had left the room, aiming one shot at Lancelot as she rose from her seat.

"Major Ware, as you are strong, be merciful. You might give in—Nina cannot; she has set her heart on these theatricals."

"Excuse me, Miss Dering," replied Lancelot, sternly, "but I cannot allow any interference between me and my wife."

And then Caroline swept from the room, whispering as she passed, holding her head very high—

"Nina, I pity you!"

Her words stung me to the quick—I would not be a meek, obedient wife, afraid to have a will of her own. No, I had a will, and a pretty strong one, as Lancelot would find; so, proud and indignant, I turned from him as he drew near, not in the least angry, with his old tender smile, ready to take me in his arms if I were but willing.

"Nina, I thought you and I knew each other better," he said, reproach in his voice.

"So did I," I returned bitterly, hot tears rolling down my cheeks, my lips quivering, feeling angry and miserable, and ready at that moment to do or dare anything.

Lancelot laid his hand gently on my head.

"My darling, let us be as if this never had happened."

"Yes," I said, defiant still, "if you withdraw all you have said, and I may still carry out my plans."

He frowned.

"I am not changeable. Do you think it was for the mere pleasure of contradiction

that I refused to allow the theatricals? No, Nina; you have not moved me from my purpose—my decision is still the same."

"So is mine," I exclaimed, passionately; "and I will have my own way!" And, snatching my hands away from his firm, kind clasp, I burst into tears.

It was only an idle threat, spoken heedlessly. At that moment I had no idea of carrying out my purpose; for all my boasting, I knew I must give in sooner or later, and in a sudden revulsion of feeling I turned to acknowledge my submission to the stronger will.

But Lancelot was gone. I heard the shutting of the library door, and knew the bitter, sad thoughts that were in his heart; all his love and kindness seemed to rise up and stand reproachfully before me. I felt I must follow him—only to whisper three words, "Lancelot, forgive me!" I knew his noble nature well—forgiveness granted well-nigh before asked, reconciliation complete almost without a word: and, my better self having conquered, I went to seek my husband. But on reaching the library, I heard a voice in the hall, saying—

"Is Major Ware at home? Can I see him?"

"Yes, sir, in the library."

The door opened and shut, and heavy and sick at heart, I went back to the drawing-room.

Caroline came in and put her arms round me.

"Nina darling, I feel for you; but you have more spirit than to yield. Have the theatricals in spite of him."

"Oh, Caroline, I dare not! Lancelot would be so angry."

"Dare not! Write the invitations and send them off. It will serve him right, Nina! Major Ware may be very good and nice, but he is a great deal too determined, and, if you do not get the whip-hand of your lord and master, he will use the curb with a vengeance."

Poor Caroline, I think she meant well in her hot-headed championship of her friend. I liked her then, but—I cannot help it—I feel sometimes as if I hated her now.

At luncheon Lancelot never opened his lips, and I was too proud to make the first advance. And then his horse was brought round, and, without a look or word, he mounted and rode away.

"This is your punishment," said Caroline. "He is breaking you in, Nina, and, oh, see, his horse—poor deluded creature—actually dares to exert its own will!"

Something had frightened the noble gray—a new purchase of Lancelot's—it backed and reared, and finally refused to go on. There was a short struggle for the mastery, kindness and severity were alike tried, and then the stronger will conquered. Lancelot stooped to caress the horse's neck, and, with one quick glance from his dark eyes at the window where we stood, he rode off.

"Got up for your edification!" laughed Caroline. "Major Ware, that was capital!"

I was angry again. I knew Caroline had interpreted Lancelot's glance aright—it was meant to show me how futile it was to contend with him. My evil spirit was fairly roused, and before post time the invitations were written and sent off without thought or fear of consequences; and with a kind of gaiety I went up to dress for dinner.

I shall never forget how Lancelot looked when, making my voice steady with an effort, I told him what I had done. His face grew sterner than I had ever seen it yet, and his eyes flashed; but there was more sorrow than anger in his grave quiet voice as he replied—

"Nina, I am not one to be trifled with. This has been your first act of disobedience; let it be your last. I shall send and stop the post-bag."

My cheeks crimsoned with shame at his stern, well-merited reproof, and a great lump rose in my throat; but his next words sent the blood rushing over my face and brow.

"Heaven knows I have made a bitter mistake! I thought not to have a gay, pleasure seeking wife, but a companion—one to turn to for sympathy. Nina, surely there are things better worth seeking after than may be found in the frivolities of society?"

Proudly and passionately I faced him.

"You should have told me all this a year ago."

He caught my hands in his.

"Wife, it is early to find we have made a mistake. Oh, Nina, have you repented already?"

I was unworthy of him; in bitter sorrow I write it now. I lifted my eyes for a moment resolutely to his, determined to die rather than to yield, wilfully misunderstanding him to the last; and then, snatching my hands from his that he might not feel their trembling, and turning away that he might not read the truth in my eyes, I answered very calmly, very deliberately, though my heart was beating wildly, and I loved him better at that moment than I had ever done even in the first glad days—

"You have repented; it matters little what I may feel." And then I laughed, and added, "I suppose sooner or later all married people find out that they have made a mistake. We have made the discovery sooner than usual—that is all."

I neither meant nor believed the words I was saying, but how was Lancelot to know that? I knew he loved me as fondly as ever husband loved wife, but how was he to tell that all my words were spoken only in the heat of passion and with a determination born of pride not to let him see my real feelings, or know how his words filled me with pain, and that for all my proud bearing I carried a heart as heavy as his own?

"What has changed you, Nina?" he asked.

"I am not changed," I answered. "I always have been the same, and I cannot alter."

And then, with bowed head, and eyes not daring to meet his, I listened to the sad, pained voice as, standing beside me, in his own grave tender way, my husband strove to win me back. In vain. To all his pleadings I turned a deaf ear; my lips were sealed in sullen haughty silence.

"Oh, Nina," he burst out at last, "what has come between us? Look at me, and say my wife in her own true self and loves me still. Come to me, my darling!"

He waited, but no answer came. I never lifted my eyes. In an agony of remorse now I make my confession. Although I knew the power I had over him—that a look would have brought him to my side and secured the forgiveness I was longing for—I let him turn sadly from the room without a word.

I listened to his footsteps passing along the passage and down the stairs, and then, forcing back the tears, I went and stood before the glass, looking long and earnestly at the figure reflected there, a speech Caroline had made that afternoon coming back to me.

"He married you for your beauty, Nina."

I knew he had not done so. I felt it was for myself I had been sought and won; yet her words had a shadow of truth, and furnished an excuse to keep up the quarrel.

I remember so well the dress I wore that night—it was black velvet, trimmed with white lace; and I had a bunch of scarlet geraniums in my hair.

Lancelot liked to see me well dressed, and I carried out his wishes to the letter. The face I saw and criticised so closely was young and fair enough. I had been told over and over again that I was beautiful; never till that night I had cared whether I was or not. Now I scanned every feature, looked straight into the dark blue eyes, at the haughty mouth, stroked back the bright brown hair Lancelot's hand had so often caressed, and then went downstairs to conquer, flashing defiance at my husband's grave face as I swept past him into the room.

Caroline told me afterwards what he had said on her remarking—

"How well Nina looks when she is angry!"

Lancelot had replied, sadly enough—

"Anger is an expression that may add to beauty in the eyes of some; but for my own part, I am sorry to see it on the face of one I love."

And then Caroline, keeping to her own opinion, had said again—

"It becomes Nina, though; don't you think so?"

And he had replied, shortly—

"No, I cannot agree with you, Miss Dering."

Ah, Caroline, does it never smite you now with a pang of regret, when you remember how you helped to sow the seeds of discord between man and wife, keeping up the bitter angry feeling that had far better been forgotten? Nay, I do not blame you; I was far more to blame myself. The fault was mine, and the punishment that indeed seems too heavy to bear is mine also.

That evening, restless and unhappy, books and work alike failing to occupy my thought, I went at last to the piano, and sang song after song, all Lancelot's favorites, without faltering, and as I sang my anger died away, and I thought of him, my soldier, my hero, going back to a day long antecedent—the first time I had known Lancelot—and I seemed to see the old red brick house half hidden by the dark fir trees, and, sitting alone in the firelight, a little girl weeping as if her heart would break, and her friend, her companion, standing by her, his young handsome face sadly troubled, struggling with the tears his boyish pride refused to let flow.

That was my first sorrow, when Lancelot, the boy ensign, standing in his uniform, the firelight gleaming and flashing brightly on the sword hanging by his side, came to say good-bye, for before dawn he would be far away—a soldier's work, and perhaps a soldier's grave, before the young hero, who now took his child friend in his strong arms, the little girl he had loved and petted, and I put my arms round his neck, and with my head on his shoulder wept out my sorrow, and he said—

"Cheer up, little Nina! I shall come home again to my little wife."

And then he kissed me and cut off a lock of my hair, and went away with tears in his own dark eyes.

Night and day I thought and dreamt of my hero far away, and, when no one thought or guessed what I was doing, I would be sitting poring over the newspapers, reading about the war, following his regiment step by step; and never shall I forget when the brave, daring deeds of the young ensign, Lancelot Ware, were honorably mentioned.

Tears of pride fell on the paper as I thought of the many would read about my hero—how he was ever first and foremost in the battle, the bravest of the brave! And then he came home, and after one brief visit we did not meet for years; but I never forgot my child-love, and when, ten years after, Lancelot again come home, one day he showed me a curl cut from a child's hair, and said that he had kept it always, waiting till the time should come when he might claim the owner as his own, that he had made up his mind long ago, and wanted me to repeate the promise—to say the words I had said that night when he, the soldier, had held the weeping child in his arms, and I had whispered, "Lancelot, I love you!" and had promised to be his wife.

Oh, the happy old days! They came back to me so strongly as I went slowly over the old songs till I came to "Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!"

Softly and sadly wailing out the broken-hearted words, feeling the truth of every line, a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and Lancelot's voice, deep and tremulous, spoke—

"Nina, look up, and say you mean that."

One word, and all had ended there—but that word was never spoken.

With a sudden laugh, to hide a burst of weeping, I glanced up into his face, and said—

"I don't believe in such sentimental nonsense."

His hand dropped from my shoulder, and, with a weary sigh, he turned and left the room as, recklessly, I dashed into a waltz to hide soft and deeper feelings. How could he tell that at the very touch of his hand, the sound of his voice, my heart swelled, and every nerve thrilled—that at that moment I could have knelt at his feet in sorrow and humiliation? But, wilful and wayward, I had determined he should be the first to ask forgiveness, and then, but not then, would I give in.

I have never touched the piano since that night—I shall never touch it again. If I sat there now, in the darkening gloom I might fancy that I felt his hand upon my shoulder, that I heard his voice in my ear; and, if I looked up, I might see the tall figure beside me, with the head a little bent, and a half smile on the grave, noble face, as he stood that night, with his love in his eyes and voice, like "Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!"

Alas, no! Only in dreams can I see him now—only in fond, sorrowful visions of the past; never more shall I hear his voice breathing my name. I strain my ears in vain for the firm, quick step, and think and think till it almost seems as if I must go mad, when I press my hands to my aching head and tell myself I need never watch for his coming home, for never will he come home again.

* * * * * *

Lancelot was very grave the next day, grave almost to sternness. After breakfast he came to me—

"Nina, I am going out for a sail. Will you come?"

I looked up to read the expression of his face, but, before I had time to answer, Caroline spoke in her usual impetuous manner—

"Out in that horrid open boat on a day like this! Nina, you won't go, dear?"

"Caroline does not wish it, Lancelot," I replied, in a low tone.

"Oh, never mind me!" said Caroline. "I have letters to write, and shall not be lonely. Do go, if Major Ware wants you, Nina."

"Don't go, and do go," I returned, pettishly. "What do you mean, Caroline? I do not intend to go sailing to-day."

"Very well," said Caroline, leaving the room—"only please don't stay on my account."

I said nothing, and Lancelot misinterpreted my silence. Turning away, he remarked, bitterly—

"Nina, there was a time when my wishes were more thought of. Nay," he added, kindly, "I cannot bear to see these tears, Nina. Why will you make us both unhappy? It shall all be forgiven and forgotten if you will be my own loving wife again, darling. Will you not give me one kiss before I go?"

I was relenting fast, but I would not let him see it yet; and so he went away, silent and sad, kind, gentle, loving to the last.

I went out that afternoon alone, with tender, sad feelings in my heart, sorry and penitent, to meet Lancelot, to lay my hand in his humbly, with regret for the past and promises for the future, to allow, what was a hard thing to do, that I was in the wrong. Yet it would be sweet to make the confession to him, so noble and so true, for I knew him well. Never a reproach would he utter; all would be as if our quarrel never had been. And, full of good resolutions, I went up on to the high rugged cliff, to catch the first distant glimpse of Lancelot's boat returning.

The afternoon was wild and windy, and, hot and breathless from battling with the wind, I reached the top of the cliff, and stood looking out over the sea, which looked wild and dreary enough, with white crests to the waves, and overhead a storm-streaked sky.

Down on the beach lay great shining tangled masses of sea-wrack, brought up by each mighty wave; a group of fishermen were standing and sitting by the boats, drawn high up on the beach, busy mending their nets, looking out seaward, and now and then lifting their rough weather-beaten faces to the threatening sky, the white sea-gulls flitting to and fro, or dancing upon the waves.

The afternoon wore away; and then, far out, a mere white speck upon the horizon, I saw Lancelot's boat returning. The sun was setting, a wild stormy sunset flushing the sky, where the blood red sun dipped into the water on the western horizon.

It was a strange, awful sunset, never shall I forget it. The red golden light shone with weird brilliancy upon the waves, upon the rough rocks and beach, and upon the faces of the fishermen, and the clouds that had been black before were now crimson with reflection.

As I gazed on nature's solemn scene, there occurred to me the words, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," and like lightning came the thought, "It is sunset now, and Lancelot and I are not reconciled."

Like a warning and foreboding the words echoed in my heart. Oh, if he would only come home before the sun went down! And I strained my eyes again, watching the little white sail, and I knew Lancelot was sitting, rudder in hand, thinking no doubt sadly of the cloud that had come between us.

The sun had indeed gone upon my wrath, but Lancelot was drawing very near now. In another half hour the little boat would be moored; and I vowed in my heart that never another angry word would I say.

A cold, moaning wind came sighing over the sea in short, angry gusts, sending the white spray scudding over the waves. An old coastguard came slowly up the cliff path and stood beside me.

"He ought to be making for home, ma'am," he said, looking out through his telescope. "There is an ugly squall coming up, and that's a big sail on the little boat."

A sudden gust and puff of wind as he spoke almost took me off my feet; but the boat seemed to fly before the wind, cutting through the waves.

"Oh, I wish he were safe at home!" I said, my heart beating very fast as I looked up at the old man beside me, who only shook his head.

"Let me look through the telescope," I said, and, steadying it on his shoulder, I looked out and saw the boat, the white tipped waves flying on either side, and

Lancelot sitting in the stern, his face turned towards home.

Another terrible gust, with a blinding torrent of rain, the mad wave leaping as before. But, oh, great Heavens, where was the boat? Where was Lancelot? Gone—gone in a moment!"

"Heaven have mercy on him!" ejaculated the coastguard. "She has capsized!"

With a wild scream I hastened down to the beach, the strength and energy of despair lending speed to my feet. Others had seen the accident as well as myself, and forty willing hands were launching a boat.

"Save him," I cried—"my husband!"

And then I was in the boat, out in the rain and storm, while the men bent to their oars, straining every nerve, for a human life was in the balance.

The boat like a thing of life, seemed to leap and spring forward at every stroke, while the white spray flew around as we cut through the green waves.

"Harder—faster! Oh, for Heaven's sake, row, or we shall be too late!" I cried, in my agony, as the men stopped, and, resting on their oars, looked anxiously around over the sea, whispering amongst themselves. And then in their rough, kind way they broke the truth to me, his wife. Lancelot was drowned, and the great waves rolled over the place that was my husband's grave.

In low, sad whispers they spoke, pity for me softening their voices. They could understand and feel for the wife whose husband was lost at sea. And, when I would fain have sought an end of grief in the great waters, they spoke of Heaven as they held me back, and said we should meet again.

And then, clinging to the last hope, at my wild entreaties they rowed to and fro, backwards and forwards—all, all in vain—nothing but wild, angry waves mocking my sorrow on either side. He was dead, drowned in sight of home, with his wife standing watching on the cliff. Oh, Lancelot, my darling!

* * * * * *

I do not know how long we searched—it all seems very dim now, very confused—but I know it was dark when one of the men, a kind-hearted fellow, who had no doubt a wife and little ones of his own, gently wrapped his coat around me, where I lay crouched in the bottom of the boat, and his voice was thick and choked when he said, pityingly—

"We would stay out, ma'am, till morning, if it would do any good; but most likely the poor gentleman got entangled in the sail and the ropes and went down with her. Heaven comfort you in your sorrow!" he added, brushing his hand across his eyes.

"Let me die!" I wailed. "What is life to me now?"

And I wished that each great wave as it came rolling on would sweep me into the wide sea, and take me to Lancelot; for the one awful fact remained—he was dead, and death meant separation for ever on earth.

Oh, why had I not gone with him that morning? Perhaps, had I been at his side, he would have come home before the storm arose. Why had I let him go out on the sea to die—I who loved him?

* * * * * *

The boat grated on the stones—kindly hands lifted me out—eager voices cried, "What news?" And the crew sadly answered, "None."

"He is dead, he is dead," I cried, and I looked into the sad, sympathetic faces crowding around, "and they would not let me go to him!"

After that came a blank. And then friends brought me a black dress and a widow's cap, and spoke in sad subdued tones of the dead, and drew down the blinds that I might not look at the sea wherein Lancelot lay.

And I survive, a sad, broken-hearted woman, to live out a life that has no hope in the future, and only sorrow and remorse in the past. And when I die I shall not lie beside Lancelot; but Heaven grant that we may meet again, when the sea gives up her dead, and that I may give him the kiss I refused, and hear his lips whisper the forgiveness they will never utter upon earth!

Tender Hearted.—Judge Q——, who once presided over a criminal court, was famous as one of the most compassionate men who ever sat on the bench. His softness of heart, however, did not prevent him from doing his duty as a judge. A man who had been convicted of stealing a small amount was brought into court for sentence. He looked very sad and hopeless, and the court was much moved by his contrite appearance. "Have you ever been sentenced to imprisonment?" the Judge asked. "Never—never!" exclaimed the prisoner, bursting into tears. "Don't cry—don't cry!" said Judge Q—— consolingly; "you're going to be now!"

SHOP LIFTERS TRICKS.

Tradesmen, and especially the proprietors of large drapery establishments, are victimized in very many ways, but it is comparatively seldom that they appear as prosecutors in the police courts. The roguery of shoplifters and others is not, therefore, brought prominently before the world, and the public would scarcely suspect that it exists so largely as it does at the present day.

In preference to seeking to bring punishment home to the offenders, which entails a serious loss of time in loitering about the sessions courts, the principals of many business houses attempt to prevent the commission of crime of the character in question by placing private detectives on duty in their warehouses, particularly on the days of the great periodical spring, autumn, and "remnant" sales, which are a well know feature of modern retail trading.

Ladies who "go shopping" in the great suburban emporiums, never imagine that they are narrowly scrutinized by detectives, not, however, by those belonging to the police. The "shop walkers," too, keep a watchful eye upon the customers at the counter, and in some firms, it is said, women are employed as spies upon their own sex.

These female detectives are not always hired by the tradesmen; for sometimes they are on the staff of private inquiry agents, and their instructions may be to watch secretly certain ladies, and to ascertain "whether shopping alone occupies so much time."

As a general rule shoplifting is practised by women thieves. The "operator" has a bag fastened with straps around the waist, into which she can easily drop anything she may steal. "Some women arrange their skirts," a detective says, "so that the whole front, from waist to feet, forms a bag which can be stuffed full of feathers, laces, etc., without any outward signs." A very handy receptable for the storing away of fine goods is a muff—quite a natural and innocent looking thing in itself, but very dangerous when utilized by a shoplifter. The woman puts her muff on a pile of handkerchiefs, and while she examines something with one hand, quietly pulls handkerchiefs, or anything else within reach, into her muff with the other."

A very dangerous class of shoplifters is composed of men who have been formerly in the employ of a firm and have been discharged for dishonesty. They know the ways of the warehouse so thoroughly that an ordinary policeman would fail to detect them in wrong-doing, as there is nothing suspicious in the passing in and out of a shop with a bale of goods. Theft is therefore easy. A little while ago a French customer entered a city warehouse and ordered several pieces of silk. The goods were selected from a considerable stock, and the floor became piled with them. A shoplifter saw his opportunity, coolly stepped to the pile, and shouldered five or six of the pieces, deliberately marching off with them to the door. A detective had, however, recognized him, and on the threshold he was accosted, and finally arrested, fortunately for him, as he received in the end a much lighter sentence than he would have had if he had been apprehended in the street.

If tradesmen were to allow themselves to be guided by external appearances, they would be constantly making mistakes. Rather than run the risk of offending a possible wealthy customer, they allow a certain latitude which rogues are quick to abuse.

There are "single-handed" thieves who have no confederates, and who make a specialty of victimizing particular classes of tradesmen. A rather clumsy method was recently adopted by a man who had a partiality for gold watch chains. He used to go into a jewelers' shop, get the attendants to show him samples, and then, when several chains were on the counter, he would adroitly substitute a brass chain of the same pattern for a real gold one, which he would pocket, and leave the shop upon some plausible excuse. This mode of robbery was only a variation of the plan which expert diamond thieves have occasionally practised, their method having been to prepare, at considerable expense, a model in paste of the brilliants which they intended to secure.

Not long since a man went about "chumming" with druggists, and having engaged them in a friendly and professional conversation, would coolly annex their metal dishes, of the intrinsic value of which he had some definite idea, for a novice would never have dreamed of stealing such a thing.

Another specialist devoted himself to fleecing undertakers. It was his habit to attire himself in the most correct mourning, and betake himself to a cemetery at the time of a funeral. When the friends and relations of the deceased were the least likely to be thinking of the sharpers of this world, the specialist would sidle to the undertaker, and, with his handkerchief to his eyes, thank him fervently for the care and attention shown by him in carrying out the wishes of the bereaved family. In fact he would be so grateful as to press half a sovereign into the undertaker's palm, and then would depart stricken with sorrow, and leaving behind him a very good impression.

A day or two later the same man would hurriedly enter the undertaker's shop and say that another member of the family had died, and that the funeral was to be conducted "as before." He desired to pay in advance, but he wanted a check changed in order to do so. The undertaker willingly obliged, but he never saw his customer or his money again.

Caviare.—This is made from the eggs of the sturgeon, is an important article of exportation for many cities of Russia and Astrakhan, and principally Taganrok. The annual amount is estimated at 40,000 pouds (1 poud is 35 pounds).

The greater part goes to Turkey, Greece, Italy and Germany, very little to England, and still less to France. The fisheries are situated at the mouth of the Volga, upon the banks of which stand vast storehouses with basements and cellars, in which are found the tubs that contain the brine used in the preparation of caviare.

The most profitable fishing is done in autumn; this season yielding the largest quantity of eggs. In winter the fishermen make large holes in the ice, and fish with a spear. At all other times they use nets, about 300 feet in length, to which are attached cords provided with hooks.

Each of these is strong enough to hold a fish of large dimensions. Each establishment owns a fleet of boats. The fishes brought on board are laid upon boards and covered with salt, and are then opened for the purpose of extracting the eggs and the entrails, which the Russians are very fond of, and which they eat in a fresh state. For exportation caviare is prepared in two different ways.

1. The eggs are washed and then immersed in strong brine for three-quarters of an hour, and finally allowed to drain. In this way "granular caviare" is obtained.

2. For "compact" caviare the eggs are first cleansed, then pickled, and finally allowed to dry slowly. Then they are packed closely in canvas bags, which are enclosed in wooden barrels, after which they are ready for shipment.

A Matrimonial Sensation.—M. Zero, a married man, received one morning the following note:—"If your heart is free, and you have as much sentiment as you have wit, enter a carriage at 9 P. M. tomorrow that will be waiting close to your house. You will say to the servant "Fortune;" he will reply "Mystery."

"If you do not come, it will be because there exists a woman happy enough to possess your affection. I shall envy her, but hate neither her or yourself. Nothing is stronger than constant love, even if nothing so delicious as a fleeting fancy.—Gabrielle."

M. Zero read the letter, smiled and did—what do you think M. Zero did? What would you have done? Got into the carriage, perhaps, and been lost to respectable society for ever. M. Zero did get into a carriage, but he drove direct to the head of the police. When at "9 P. M." the carriage stopped close to the door, it was immediately challenged.

"Fortune?"—"Mystery," was the reply. Then a gentleman got into the carriage, where the veiled lady was seated, and told the coachman to drive to the nearest "poste,"—in plain English, police-station, and there the Belle Gabrielle passed the night.

But the oddest thing was that the Belle Gabrielle seemed rather to like it than otherwise. The key to this enigma is that Madame Zero was jealous. M. Z. detected her handwriting, though disguised, had her taken up for an attempt to disturb his conjugal happiness, and so delighted his wife, and revenge himself, at the same time.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A long-felt want among the fair sex is a portable phonograph adapted for concealment in a muff or satchel, or somewhere about their apparel. Such a machine would be set in motion when a gay cavalier cajoled a confiding young thing into the shrubbery, and the whole of his passionate love-laden utterances reported verbatim and filed for future reference. If the deceiver refused to carry out his promises, the injured damsel would only have to trot up to Court with the phonograph under her arm and the conversation would come forth again as irrefutable evidence of the base creature's perfidy.

Few of our readers, perhaps, are aware that the human body falls asleep by degrees. According to M. Cabinis, a French physiologist, the muscles of the legs and arms lose their power before those which support the head, and these last sooner than the muscles which sustain the back: and he illustrates this by the case of persons who sleep on horseback, or while they are standing or walking. He conceives that the sense of sight sleeps first; then the sense of taste; next the sense of smell; next that of hearing, and lastly that of touch. He maintains, also, that the viscera fall asleep one after another, and sleep with different degrees of soundness.

One of the latest bulletins of the census gives the number of Quakers in the various States of the Union. The Friends have 106 organizations, with 107,208 members; the Orthodox Quakers, 89,655. Their Church property is valued at 908,271. The greatest strength of the Quakers is in the West and South. In Indiana the Orthodox Quakers have 25,915 members; in Ohio, 10,984; in Iowa, 9216; in Kansas, 7762; in North Carolina, 4904. In New York they number 3914, and in Pennsylvania 3490. Massachusetts is credited with 1560 Orthodox Friends, of whom one-half live in Bristol County. Nearly one-half of the Hicksite Quakers is found in Pennsylvania, where they number 10,001.

In Scotland the semi-annual fair for hiring farm servants and fixing rates of wages is still an institution. At a feeing market, as it is called, held at Insch, in Aberdeenshire, a couple of weeks ago, the yearly wages of "horsemen" and "cattlemen" of the first class ranged from £14 to £17; second class, £13 to £14, third, mostly youths, £10 to £12 10s.; boys, £5 to £8. Women servants were scarcely represented at all, most of their number having been previously engaged through the medium of the register office at £7 to £8 for the best class; younger, £6 to £7; and girls, £4 to over £5. During the day temperance refreshments, served in the Public Hall, were well patronized by the public.

A Western man says that men have various ways of carrying money. Butchers, grocers and bakers carry it in a big crumpled wad. Bankers carry it in nice, clean bills, laid at full length in a morocco pocket-book. No banker ever folds a bill. Brokers always fold their bills twice. The young business man carries his money in his vest pocket, while the sporting man carries it in his trousers pocket. Farmers and drovers carry their money in their inside vest pocket, and whenever you see a man carry a lot of loose change in his overcoat pocket you may know that he has at some time been a car conductor or a curbstone merchant. Newspaper men carry their money in some good bank; and poets? well, poets don't trouble themselves about such a trivial thing as money.

An examination of recent university catalogues shows that practically every civilized nation in the world is represented by students now in America. In a single great institution, the University of Pennsylvania, there are students from 28 foreign countries. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology alone shows students of 18 nationalities; 17 are represented in the University of California, 15 in both Harvard and Yale, 14 at Cornell and Michigan, 10 at Princeton, 9 at Lehigh and 2 each in Brown and Wesleyan. Even remote countries like Japan send many students here, Yale having this year 7 Japanese students, the University of Pennsylvania 6, Cornell 5, Harvard 4, and many other colleges one or two. Our excellent professional courses are the attraction to most of these foreigners, the University of Pennsylvania medical and dental schools showing to-day 75 foreign students, chiefly Europeans.

Our Young Folks.

BEGGED BY A BEAR.

BY E. [illegible]

"DO let me take Conny for a run, mamma! I'll promise to take great care of her, if you will;" and Jack stretched himself out to his full height, looking up into his mother's face, meanwhile, so beseechingly that she was fain to give in and let him have his way. Nurse, unfortunately, had a severe attack of toothache, which kept her indoors, and as the sun was shining so brightly, it seemed a shame to imprison the youngsters as well.

"Be sure then, Jackie, and don't leave the square," said his mother, as she tied on little Conny's hat, and opened the door to let them run off for a trot before dinner.

"All right; I'll take care," shouted small Master Importance, as the two started for a race along the sunny pavement.

"Isn't it jolly to be all by ourselves?" at length said Jack, as they halted for a rest after their run.

"Very nice; but don't you feel just the least bit afraid, Jack? The square does look so big, somehow, and—I feel so small," answered his sister hesitatingly.

"Nonsense, Conny! we'll have another race; your p'raumb'lator against my horse. One, two, three, and away!" and away they scampered, all fear forgotten in the excitement of trying who should be first.

Just as they rounded one of the corners of the square they noticed a crowd of children in the street close by, who, to judge from the peals of laughter which sounded almost every minute, were evidently enjoying themselves thoroughly with something in their midst, whatever it might be.

"I wonder whatever that is!" exclaimed Jack, as the two little ones stopped and watched them.

"I wonder?" said Conny.

"Let's go and see. Come along."

"What will mamma say?" responded the more prudent little sister. "You know she said we weren't to leave the square, Jack; and it's round the corner, isn't it?

"Only just a little way, Con. Come along, or if you don't, I'll—I'll, well—I'll go myself, and leave you all alone here."

This awful threat settled the question, so on they went.

Presently they reached the noisy group just as a loud voice shouted, "Dance, Bruno!" Oh, what happiness! it was a real bear. Conny had only seen the bears at the Zoo, but then they were in the bear-pit and somehow there was nothing exciting in that; but just fancy! here was one walking about just like anybody else—except, of course, he had a muzzle on—and he looked such a jolly good-tempered old fellow that it almost seemed like cruelty to animals to muzzle him.

Presently the children squeezed their way, perambulator and all, through the crowd to the front of the circle just as Bruno was ordered to "lie down dead" by the big, burly showman; and down dead he lay at once—at least, to all appearances, all except his bright little beads of eyes, which kept twinkling about here and there, watching everything and everybody that he could manage to see without moving his head too much.

Conny's perambulator seemed to attract his especial attention, for he looked at it again and again, much to her amusement; in fact, she felt rather proud to be the owner of the object of such marked attention from so talented a bear.

After lying still as long as any reasonable master could expect, Bruno gave an unmistakable grunt, as much as to say, "Look sharp, old fellow; I shan't lie here much longer." So his master took the hint, and shouted, "Live again, Bruno!" and up jumped Bruno, as lively as if he had never been supposed to have been dead at all.

The children cheered and clapped their hand, and laughed again and again, and some of them even shouted, "Die again, Bruno, die again!" but his bearship didn't seem to see the fun of that, so he took no notice of the invitation except by another grunt, which said quite plainly, "Not if I know it."

Very solemnly he walked round and round on his hind legs, only his bright eyes belying his grave appearance. They seemed to have a joke in view all their own, for they were never still, twinkling here, there, and everywhere, as if in search of mischief.

Suddenly they caught sight of poor Conny's perambulator, and in an instant, as if they had just found what they had been looking for, before his keeper could stop him, Bruno had seized the unfortunate carriage, dollies and all, with his huge fore paws, and then he began dancing round and round with it, hugging it and poor Conny's tiny family with more violence than affection.

Conny screamed out when she saw the fate of her beloved babies, and Jackie charged the thief most manfully with the head of his go-horse; but it was all no use. Bruno had got a prize, and he meant to stick to it.

Serious mischief might have been done to the children if the keeper had not quickly slipped his great rope into the bear's collar and shouted to the foolhardy youngsters to keep back.

Then he tried to rescue Conny's dolls from the bear. The perambulator was quite broken up by this time, and the different parts of it were dropping on to the ground as the great paws scrunched it to bits.

Some hope, however, was left for the dolls, as they were soft and not so easily broken; but alas! presently a head rolled off the one, to be speedily followed by the other, so Conny was left to sorrow for her treasures, demolished before her very eyes.

Very bitterly she cried, in spite of everybody looking at her; and the showman was most sympathetic and sorry for her: at least, he said so.

The only comfort, however, that he gave her was—

"Be thankful, little missy, that the bear didn't catch hold of you. He likes little girls very much, and he might have hugged you instead of the dolls."

"Did ever anybody hear of such a wicked cruel bear, or such a bad man to keep a bear like that," thought poor Conny, as she and Jackie slowly wended their sorrowful way home.

"Oh dear! I wish the square was twice as long," sighed Jack, as they gradually reached their own door.

"I wish there was never no square at all," sobbed Conny, "and never no corner, with nasty bears and men dancing, to squeeze up people's dolls and things. It's all your fault, Jack. I would never have thought of going if you hadn't said you would run away and leave me, you naughty boy! Oh, my poor dollies! I'll never love any more—never any more."

Very grave mamma looked, and her face got very pale when she heard of the sad end of Conny's perambulator. She caught the little one up to her heart, as if in fright at the terrible risk that her darlings had run. What if the bear had seized the child instead of the dolls? what a dreadful thing it would have been!

"My darlings! my darlings! how could you have been so disobedient, after you had promised me, too, that you would not leave the square! How could you break your word to mother?"

Conny began: "It was all J—" when she checked herself. "No," she thought, "Jack shan't take the blame alone; I'll help take it too;" so she said no more. However, Jack understood her as perfectly as if she had finished the sentence.

"Plucky, isn't she?" thought he.

"Don't scold Conny, mamma; it's all my fault," said the little fellow. "I threatened to leave her alone if she didn't come, so she was more frightened for that than the bear, and she came, and that's how it was; it was awfully bad, I know, but I'll never, never, never do it again, mamma," and two strong arms were thrown round mamma's neck, which she could not resist.

So she had to forgive the young culprits, this time at least, though Conny was punished by being left dollless until her next birthday, and Jack had for his punishment to save up all his pocket-money in order to pay for the unfortunate dolls that the bear had hugged to destruction. But never do they look now in the direction of a dancing, or, in fact of any other kind of a bear.

Other dolls may be more beautiful and better dressed than those which met such an untimely end, but somehow, none will ever be so dear to Conny as the two she lost by that bear's hug.

A VILLAGE OF SMITHS.—Near Tripoli, Asiatic Turkey, is a village called Amrun, like none other in the world. It is inhabited exclusively by Hebrews, who, from the rabbi to the meanest laborer, are every one smiths. From the early morning till the last thing at night they are hard at work, and when their toil is over all repair to the synagogue, where the evening prayers are recited.

The aged members of the community also take part in the daily work, but, no longer able to handle the hammer, they occupy themselves by blowing the bellows.

The majority of these people are armorers, who supply the Arabs with their yataghans, swords, and other weapons indispensable to the sons of the desert, but who are too indolent to make them for themselves. The weapons manufactured by these Jewish armorers are exported as far as the borders of the Niger, where they are in great demand.

The Jews living in Amrux settled themselves there shortly after the destruction of the Second Temple, at the time when the Romans still held sway in Northern Africa.

WEATHER AND BIRDS.

Since Virgil noted the crows' prognostication of rain, a good many centuries have passed. But even nowadays there is an enormous amount of ignorance as to the variety of what may be called feathered weather glasses, and the correctness of their prognostications. To the majority, however, of those who live and toil and woods, fields and moorlands, by stream and sea, such knowledge is familiar, though they, perhaps, have never seen the simplest book on ornithology.

No phase of bird life is more interesting than that which shows their weather lore. One or two instances are, indeed, familiar, but others are little known to people in general. The commonest instance is found of course, in the swallows flying high before fine, and low before wet weather. Tolerably familiar, but less so than the swallows, are the gulls in their passages when leaving the sad sea waves they fly inland to the field, tossing and diving in the air, before a storm.

By the sea coast the sky cormorant leaves the crags and waves it loves so well and flies along the shore screaming loudly when the weather is about to change. Then, too, the heron in marshy and river-girdled districts flies much higher than is its wont, and is noisier than usual.

In the woods that rare bird the green woodpecker—this is a very unfamiliar instance to most—utters a sound before rain quite unlike the tapping which, in fine weather he makes against the tree trunk. He utters a peculiar sound something like an eerie laugh, which has often puzzled wayfarers, much as the mysterious bell bird has done travellers in Brazilian forests. Partridges leave turnips and stubbles, and go to the places where, in fine weather, the shooter would not look for them—as hillocks of bracken, furze bushes and hedgerows, where ordinarily any sportsman of experience might expect to meet with a running pheasant or a landrail, but not a covey of birds. From the depths of the woodland the brown owls hoot loudly, and jays scream, while the sagacious crows return home much earlier and more noisily than at other times.

One of the smallest of birds, the little wood wren, loving woods and plantations of old growth far more than like most birds, copses, thickets, or hedgerows, is similar. That curious mimic, the sedge warbler, known in many places as the English mocking bird, is unusually active in its performance when rain is about to give place to dry weather, crowding and hurrying a series of imitations of other birds, from the nightingale downwards, into a musical melange of its own. And at such times, in fields of long grass or young corn, the landrail seems to become ubiquitous till the whole space echoes with its continued note, which resembles, among other things, the whetting of a rusty saw. The redstart, ever restless, accompanying every motion with the vibratory jerks of its flame-colored tail, and essentially a fly-catcher in its habits, generally shows by the soft, low and sweet song, while perched on the topmost branch of a low tree, the cessation of wet weather. The little active common wren, too, is a fair weather prophet.

Nor are rain and fine weather the only phases of the matter. Some birds most accurately foretell hard weather long before anything in the temperature or the thermometer does so. Wild fowl grow fidgety by the shore and fly inland; the wild geese, in wedge-shaped formation, uttering their resonant "hank! hank!" being the most trustworthy of all.

A less-noticed sign is that of the hedge sparrow, or melodious little songster in a humble way, which has nothing save his name in common with the ordinary fearless house sparrow. When this shy bird knows by its wonderful instinct that cold weather is coming, it leaves its accustomed abode and comes near houses to pick up any edible unconsidered trifles in lieu of the insect food which it knows will be very difficult to procure.

Of domestic birds none are surer prophets of rain than peacocks and common ducks, the former by screaming, the latter by getting into the grass fields to hunt for food.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

A curious thing about cats is that whenever a cat has blue eyes it is invariably [illegible]

Since the Franco-Prussian war Germany has spent $2,500,000,000 on her army and navy.

When lovers quarrel, what presents made on either side are not returned?—The [illegible]

Delivery wagons, the motive power of which is electricity, are the newest vehicle in London.

Two little islands, Zanzibar and Pemba, furnish four fifths of the cloves consumed by the world.

The male wasp never stings; but so long as he and his sister are twins and dress alike this bit of knowledge availeth not.

Last year 22,180 patents were issued, nearly twice as many as were granted during the first fifty years of the Patent Office.

There is a brisk trade in second-hand tombstones in London, still stranger is the custom of selling family vaults partly filled.

The longest bridge in this country is the one which crosses a portion of Lake Pontchartrain, in Louisiana. It is nearly 25 [illegible]

A company was organized at Phoenix, A. T., recently, for the construction of what is claimed will be the largest artificial reservoir in the world. It will be 16 miles long and contain 160,000,000 cubic feet of water.

They have large heads in Providence. Several physicians have discovered a plan for obtaining electric lights cheap. They attach incandescent lights to the telephone and get good service at any time from this source.

A citizen of New Castle, Pa., has six trained toads. The reptiles have been taught to march or hop in squads, to catch roaches etc. One has been trained to climb a ladder while another turns the crank of a small churn.

Superintendent Kinyoun, of the Madison county, Ind., Infirmary, has a cat which is nursing a brood of young rabbits. Her kittens were taken away and drowned, and she showed her extreme sorrow by nursing the rabbits.

The deepest mine in the world is the rock salt mine at Spremberk, near Berlin, [illegible] Daniel Lauchstaedt perpendicular shaft [illegible] berg mine, in Bohemia, 3,778 feet deep. The deepest metal mine is the Valenciana [illegible] feet.

Kansas City, Kan., has a band of youthful terrors called Stone Throwers. Their unique mode of attack consists in throwing stones against the windows of houses to ascertain if the folks are at home. Then, if the road is clear, they enter the place and steal what they can.

An express on the Delaware, Lakawanna and Western Railroad came near being held up by bees one day recently. The bottom fell out of a bee-hive that was in the express car, and there was a stampede. The bees held complete possession many miles or until a stop was made, when they voluntarily left the car.

A citizen of Portland, Ind., claims to be the owner of a large Tom cat who long ago developed a great love for the companionship of the poultry tribe. It eats everything they do, even to shelled corn, and when night comes, perches itself on the roost alongside of a rooster as contented as if it were with those of its own kind.

The plaintiff, defendant, two lawyers and six witnesses, two of whom came from 100 miles away, appeared recently before a Reading alderman in a civil suit over property valued at less than $1. The alderman gave judgement in favor of defendant, and the plaintiff will have to pay costs amounting to about $50, exclusive of lawyers' fees.

A Burial Reform Association has been formed in the Episcopal Church—not to advocate cremation, however. Its object is threefold: To encourage burial in perishable coffins in the simple earth; to simplify and cheapen funerals and mourning ceremonials, and to secure large and simple tracts of suitable ground for burial purposes.

The extent of the street railroad interest in the United States may be estimated from a recent report given, which states that there are 5783 miles of such roads in operation, having 22,306 cars and employing 70,761 men. The total number of passengers carried last year was 2,023,010,202, being 349,830 per mile of road work and 62,237 per car.

Doctor Holton, of Grant's Pass, Oregon, proposes a novel exhibit from Southern Oregon to the World's Fair. He will gather a company of veterans of the early Rogue river wars, with their moccasins and buck-skin pants. Thus the effete East can get a glimpse of the early settlers who subdued this country with a mining pick in one hand and a rifle in the other.

A farmer tells of a hen he has which recently laid an egg within an egg, so to express it. The inside egg was perfect in shape and appearance, while the one enclosing it was puffed out to several times its natural size, and through its hardened albumen the other [illegible] The former [illegible] that, or a strong imagination.

A VISION.

BY W. W. LONG.

Stretched full-length on the cool green grass,
Watching the cloud ships o'er me pass,
Careless, content, there I quietly lay,
As the June day faded in beauty away.

Hark! A footstep I heard in the grass,
Then in her beauty I saw her pass;
But she took something out of my day,
With it she carried my heart away.

LUDICROUS IGNORANCE.

There is often something quaint and humorous mixed with what is, perhaps, provoking in an exhibition of dulness and incomprehension. Ignorance has a comic side.

A case comes from the north. A sweep in a police court was asked his name as he advanced to give evidence. "Dr. Thomas Macleod," he said. "Doctor of what?" inquired the sheriff. The sweep could only repeat that he was an LL.D. The court wanted to know how he had obtained the distinction, and he was candid about it.

A smart Yankee, lodging for his summer holidays in the sweep's district, had had some chimneys swept, but was in no haste to pay for the work. One day he offered very singular terms. He proposed to wipe off his debt by making plain Thomas Macleod a doctor, and the man fell into the trap through his simplicity and want of knowledge. "I've gotten me diplommy framed, at home," he said, triumphantly, "and, I can tell ye, a bonnie pictur' it makes."

A genuine flash of fun is seen in the story of the mystification of a property man in a provincial theatre. Macready was playing Virginius. In making ready for the scene in which the body of Dentatus is brought upon the stage, the manager called out to his factotum for the bier. The man soon came, and he carried a foaming pot of ale. "The bier, you blockhead!" thundered his employer. The puzzled fellow only presented the ale. It was necessary to make him understand. "Not that; I mean the barrow for Dentatus." "Then, why didn't you call things by their right names?" was the aggrieved remonstrance. "Who would imagine you meant the barrow when you shouted for beer?"

The claim to knowledge where knowledge does not exist is often a comical spectacle. There was, in former days, a matron of Winchester School who had charge of the boys' linen and was quite famous for affecting a sort of general omniscience. When the lad who became Dean Hook was there, he was fond of putting odd queries to the old lady for the sake of her amusing fence with them. On one occasion he gave the challenge with an air of mock gravity, "Pray, madam, what is your opinion of Charles XII. of Sweden?" "Well, Mr. Hook," was the answer, "I haven't been able to read the papers lately, and, of course, I am not personally acquainted with him."

The hollowness of brag is sometimes disclosed in the same glimpse of truth which shows ignorance. A young city clerk had had a short run to Scotland, and when he came back knew everything and had been everywhere. His airs were rather tiresome. A Scotsman casually in his company said, abruptly, "Did you see Ben Lomond when you were there?" "No, I did not," was the reply. "I called on him, but he was out."

"What is fame?" is a question that has been cynically put by those who would have been glad to think that they possessed it. Yet the limits which are set to it, even in the case of the most eminent men, must seem strange and a trifle humbling. Dumas states in his autobiography that when a young man, in 1824, he was engaged as an under-secretary in the household of Louis Philippe, then Duke of Orleans. He came into his office one morning greatly moved, and exclaimed to his companions, "The news has just been received —Byron is dead!" They looked up calmly from their papers and inquired, "What is Byron?" as if the poet were perhaps a race horse or a coursing dog. When the announcement was made that Garibaldi was about to visit England, a lady of rank and culture was asked if she would not be pleased to see him. "Who is Garibaldi," she replied, "a new opera singer?"

It might be supposed that the particulars of a great man's fame would certainly be known to his barber. Who so intimate, and, as a rule, so curious? But here, again, a singular ignorance has existed. The story goes that Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes left the shop of a barber whom he patronized and that talk turned on the vanished customer. "That's old Dr. Holmes," said the barber. "And who is Dr. Holmes?" "Well, he's been a doctor here a great many years. I believe he ain't practising any more. But he's a great deal thought of." The man did not seem to have so much as heard of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

The ignorant mistakes of foreigners have always afforded diversion. Many of them seem so very old. There was a Chinese servant who joined the establishment of Admiral Porter, and who, on the day of a big reception, mocked at the small name-cards of the visitors. A high mandarin always sent in a large roll of paper. These people were nobodies. The gas man brought a bill. It was large, and the new servant saw evidence of real rank in it. He therefore made salaam and ushered the stranger to the presence of the admiral's wife, who was receiving the guests in the centre of the drawing room. Then he retired better satisfied.

A man of great wealth was figuring as a power in society, and his self-acquired position was honorable to him. But, unfortunately, his knowledge was not on a par with his pretensions. "You are fond of Rossini?" asked one of his guests at a dinner table. "Passionately," he replied. "You know his Barber?" "No, sir, I do not," was the answer; "never patronized the man. Have shaved myself for the last forty years."

THE Chinese golden pheasants introduced in 1882 into the Williamette Valley, Oregon, by Hon. O. N. Denny, the American Minister to China, have, it is said, become a positive nuisance. The shipment consisted of only 11 birds, but so prolific are they that they threaten to overrun the valley.

Grains of Gold.

Success makes a fool seem wise.

Will you be very apt to come out right if you never begin right?

Nobody ever denies that there is a devil except the devil's own friends.

The prayers that we are proud of never receive any attention in heaven.

If you undertake to hire people to be good, they will quit as soon as the pay stops.

The crookeder a man can make other people look the straighter he thinks he is himself.

There is a great deal of praying done that is full of the narrowest kind of selfishness.

The way to do anything that is hard to do, is to roll up your sleeves and go right at it.

A man's conduct is only a picture-book of his creed. He acts after what he believes.

There are people who seem to lose all their religion the minute they can't have their own way.

The road to heaven is up hill all the way to the man who is trying to get there without giving.

Trying to hit little sinners by shooting over the heads of big ones is a poor way to carry on gospel warfare.

If you go in bad company now, how much longer will it be before you will be as bad as your companions are.

No man ever backslides because he finds out that he is weak, but multitudes are lost because they think they are strong.

Femininities.

Sweet-meets—Two fond lovers in a first embrace.

A New York couple were recently married in the head of Bartholdi's Goddess of Liberty.

The Mahommedans, it is said, consider silk unclean, because it is produced by a worm.

Glynn county, Ga., has a woman hermit who has only spoken to three persons in 16 years.

We hear of men sowing wild oats, but who ever heard of a woman sewing anything but tares.

There are people who seem to lose all their religion the minute they can't have their own way.

Daniel Baugle, Sr., a resident of Jeffersonville, Ind., claims to be 105 years old. He is in good health.

Mrs. Kimball, of San Francisco, asks for a divorce because her husband toted coal upstairs for another woman.

There is no special style in engraving engagement rings. A spider's web with a fly in it has been suggested as a pretty device.

Every night before retiring President Harrison undergoes the massage treatment at the hands of an expert and vigorous manipulator.

"Doctor, please cut along the seam," said an affectionate and careful wife to a medical man who was cutting open her apoplectic husband's shirt.

A set of false teeth made of ivory by a New York dentist for George Washington, and used by him, is on exhibition at the Patent Office in Washington.

Numerous grandchildren of both the contracting parties attended the wedding of a groom of 75 and a bride of 71 at Crawfordsville, Ind., a few days ago.

He: "Will you be my partner in a game of whist?" She, archly: "Why should you choose me?" He, gallantly: "Because you have such winning ways!"

Carmen Sylva is not recovering her health as rapidly as was hoped. She has suffered so much lately, in fact, that it is said she will be unable to spend the summer at Salzburg.

Ninety-nine men out of every hundred believe in their hearts that a day of judgment will come, and ninety-eight of them secretly believe that somehow they will be overlooked in the jam.

"You should not have given up your Sunday-school class." "I had to; the boys are getting to be such big fellows, and they ask such embarrassing questions. One of them asked me to marry him!"

Aged husband: "I understand you were engaged to him before we were married?" Young wife: "Yes, but he's single yet, and there's certainly no harm in his asking how your cough is getting along."

Seasonable advice to ladies: When you take a seat in a car be careful not to let your wet umbrella touch your skirt. You can lean it against your neighbor, you know, if there be no vacant seat that requires to be cooled or dampened.

Myrtle: "Florence, is that Fred Dumley's handwriting?" Florence: "Yes, dear! I'm engaged to him, you know." Myrtle: "Yes, I know it. I was engaged to him last summer." Florence: "The dear boy! I wonder who will marry him eventually?"

Innocent faults are always pardoned by a kind parent. You may not know, girls, just what is right, just what is wrong, yet—you cannot be blamed for making little mistakes; but you will never do anything very wrong if from the first you have no secrets from your mother.

Overheard in a barber's shop: Modern Elijah, who inclines to be facetious: "I'm getting to be pretty bald, ain't I? Suppose you'll have to cut my hair for about half-price, hereafter—eh?" Tonsorial Artist, who is equal to emergency: "Oh no, sir; we always charge double when we have to hunt for hair!"

"I want a dog's muzzle," said a little fellow, entering a hardware shop. "Is it for your father?" asked the cautious shopkeeper. "No, of course it isn't," replied the little fellow indignantly; "it's for our dog." The shopkeeper has resolved to be more guarded in the future when he asks customers questions.

A sale of paintings in New York proved a puzzle to uncle 'Rastus. "T'ings hab changed pow'rfully sence de wah," uncle 'Rastus to aunt Reeca, as he laid aside the newspaper and polished his spectacles. "Befo' de wah hit was only de slaves dat war sold, but heah dis papah states dat an ole mastah war sold at auction in New York for a 'normous 'mount er money. T'ings hab changed, I tole you."

"The idea of putting John on a jury!" exclaimed Mrs. Tompkins, when she heard that her husband had been summoned. "They might as well order a new trial right off. They won't get John to agree on a verdict. He is the most obstinate man I ever saw. I never knew him to agree with his own wife in anything, and it isn't at all likely he's going to agree with people he doesn't know anything about. A pretty juryman, he is!"

Masculinities.

It never helps us to walk any straighter to watch another man's feet.

The Emperor of China has ten men to do nothing but carry his umbrella.

Deep thinkers—Visitors in a coal mine wondering whether they will get out alive.

When a boy has to be washed he is sorry that Columbus ever discovered America.

Every man who has money is abused for not buying the things other people want to get rid of.

It is easier to persuade a woman than to convince her, and then again it is a great deal pleasanter.

Mrs. F. C. Robertson, of Stokes county, N. C., is cutting her third set of teeth. She is in the 88th year of her age.

"What's your son Josiar doin'?" said a neighbor to farmer Begosh. "Wall," was the reply, "he thinks he's diggin' bait, but he's makin' garden."

An Ohio man has 20 wives and a Massachusetts man has 60, yet both lead quiet and peaceful lives—within the solid and protective walls of penitentiaries.

"Some people," said a clever observer, speaking of an over-sensitive friend the other day, "leave their feelings lying around for other people to step on."

David Heath, aged 91 years, and Miss Mary L. Hetrick, 65 years old, were wedded at Covington, Ohio, recently, in the presence of numerous grand and great-grandchildren.

"Intelligence has just reached me," began Mr. Blodger, as he sat down to the dinner table. "Thank heaven if it has at last!" exclaimed Mrs. B., and the food was partaken of in silence.

Mrs. Alice Gray, of Springfield, Ohio, has apparently died four or five times during the past year, been laid out for burial, and each time returned to vigorous life just before being consigned to the grave.

Dead men's shoes are very often surprises, but probably none more so than the legacies of the late Horace Daniels, of New London, Conn., who bequeathed $80,000 to his friends, and now they cannot find where the property is.

Among the experts employed at the Bath, Maine, Iron Works is a talented copper worker. Not long ago he took a small copper cent, hammering it into a miniature tea kettle. The words "one cent" occupy all the space on the bottom.

It is said that some of the Venetians, who have never been to the mainland, have never seen a horse. A fair was once held there, and a showman brought a horse and called it a monster. He charged the factory hands 15 cents each to see the marvel.

An English paper makes the following suggestion: "If working men really believe that it is not right to work more than eight hours a day, let them begin by prohibiting their wives from working more than eight hours a day, and see how that answers."

Joseph Bosshagen, a German living in New Haven, has petitioned the Superior Court to change his name. He says that the Yankees all call him Boss Bargain, and that the ridicule involved is detrimental to his business. The Court will reflect upon the matter.

James Rhoda, a wealthy old bachelor of Liberty township, Porter county, Ind., has advertised in the public prints in effect that for the next thirty days he is open to sealed proposals of marriage from eligible candidates, but ladies inclined to disturbing domestic traits or extravagant tastes are warned not to compete.

Fasting is at times the best medicine, the means of removing incipient disease, and restoring to the body its usual healthful sensations. Howard and Franklin often fasted one day in the week; and Bonaparte, when his system was unstrung, omitted his wonted meal and took exercise on horseback, as his only remedies.

It is said that in all the forests of the earth there are no two leaves exactly the same. It is also said that amid all peoples of the earth there are no two faces precisely alike. Pretty soon some iconoclast will come along and declare that there are no two peas alike, and thus break up a simile that has done service since language first came into use.

An unusual appointment was that made the other day by Governor Russell, of Massachusetts, of Harry Everett Babbitt, of Boston, to be a Justice of the Peace. The unusual point of the matter is that Mr. Babbitt is a deaf mute, but being of more than ordinary ability and attainments, his appointment was requested for the benefit of those similarly afflicted.

Mr. Michael Doherty, of New Albany, Ind., has a large personal experience of the law's delay. Nineteen years ago he obtained a judgment against Edward Cummings for $473.47. The case was appealed to the Indiana Supreme Court and the judgment of the lower Court was reversed. Since then two other Courts have worked over the case, and the last one, the Ohio Supreme Court, has recently confirmed the original judgment. The amount coming to Doherty under this decision, including interest, will be $10,800.

Aunt Abby's Nephew.

BY H. P. O.

MARY MILLER came home from the factory, upon that April evening, with a light quick step.

The sky was all a jonquil glow; the frogs were croaking in the swamp; and as she tripped along Mary found a tuft of violets, half hidden under a drift of dead leaves—pale purple, scentless blooms!

"The first violets always bring good luck with them," she whispered to herself, as she pinned them into the bosom of her flannel gown.

"Home," was scarcely the ideal realization of that poetic word to our factory girl. She and her mother lived in the upper half of a shabby, unpainted wooden house with the blacksmith's scolding wife and seven riotous children downstairs, and one-half of a trampled-down back yard by way of garden, where nothing ever grew but burdocks, nettles and Mrs. Mugg's long-legged fowls.

But Mrs. Miller, who had been a school teacher once, and still retained somewhat of the refinement of her early education, had the tea ready, with a shaded lamp and a bunch of mayblossoms on the table, ready for Mary to come home.

"Good news, mother!" the girl cried lightly. "The Meadow Farm is to let! Mother, we must take it."

Mrs. Miller looked dubiously at the bright eager face, with its blue-grey eyes and fringes of yellow hair.

"Can we afford it, daughter?" she said slowly. "A whole house and a farm of forty-three acres!"

"It isn't such a very large house, mother," pleaded Mary, as she laid the bunch of violets in her mother's lap; "not so many more rooms than we have here. And we could keep two cows, and I could sell milk and butter, and spring chickens and eggs; and I am almost sure that Will Davidge would work the farm on shares. And only think, mother, how delightful it would be to have a home all to ourselves, where we couldn't hear Mrs. Mugg boxing Bobby's ears, or Helen shrieking with the toothache! And a little garden, mother, where we could have peonies and hollyhocks, and all those lovely old-fashioned flowers that your soul delights in!"

Mrs. Miller's pale mild face softened.

"It would be a great temptation, Molly," she said.

"It is a month now since old Mrs. Dabney died," said Mary; "and they say that her daughter in the city and her son out in Australia despise the old farm, with its one-story house and its old barn. So it is to let. And so cheap, too! Only fifty pounds a year! Mother, we must take it. I'll leave the factory and turn dairy-maid. I've saved enough, you know, to buy the two cows and some real Dorking fowls to begin with, and, oh, it would be such happiness! Say yes, mother, do say yes."

When Mary Miller pleaded like this, the gentle widow never knew how to refuse; and the upshot of it was that they leased the old Dabney house, and become co-sovereigns of the realm of Meadow Farm.

It was their first night there. Overhead the young May moon shone through a veil of purple mist. A solitary owl hooted in the chestnut-wood back of the house, for Meadow Farm was situated on a lonely mountain-side where no one ever came except on special business.

The chickens were safely shut up, the cows—two fine young Alderneys—were chewing their cud back of the old barn, and Mary Miller had hung a handful of sticks on the hearth, where their blaze illuminated the old kitchen with a leaping brightness beautiful to see.

"Because it's just possible that the house may be damp," she said; "after being uninhabited so long. There, mother, isn't that cheerful? And isn't it nice that our old carpet should chance to fit this floor so exactly?" with a satisfied downward glance; "and do you see those tiger-lilies? I found them down by the garden-wall—oh, such a red wilderness of them. Old Mrs. Dabney set them out herself, they say. It seems only yesterday," she added thoughtfully, "that I came past here and saw old Mrs. Dabney sitting in the big chair by the fire, just where——"

Mrs. Miller uttered a little shriek, and grasped her daughter's arm at this moment. Mary stopped short, with an ashy pallor overspreading her cheek.

For as she spoke, the door opposite had opened, and a very little old woman, silver-haired, and shrivelled like a mummy, came in, and walking across the floor, seated herself in Mrs. Dabney's very corner. An old woman dressed in the snuff-colored gown which Mrs. Dabney had always worn, and wearing a snuff-silk, while a bag depended from her arm.

"It's cold, ladies," she said, looking around with a deprecating air; "cold for the season of the year. And they don't keep fires at Tewkstown."

"Mother," said Mary, recovering herself with an hysterical gasp of relief; "it isn't old Mrs. Dabney's ghost at all. It's old Miss Abby come back, and they say she's crazy."

"You don't mean——" began the mild widow.

"That Mrs. Daniel Dabney and Mrs. Everard Elberson let their old aunt go to the institution," said Mary Miller. "Yes, it is quite true. Mrs. Daniel leads society in Bristol, I am told, and Mrs. Elberson is a grand lady in Bridgewater, with a reception day and servants in livery. What could they do with a half-crazy old aunt, who takes snuff and talks uncertain grammar? Poor Miss Abby! She has wandered back to her old home. She was eighty last birthday, and things are all misty and vague to her."

"But what shall we do?" said Mrs. Miller in accents of perplexity. "A crazy woman here—it don't seem just right, Molly, does it?"

"I'll take her back after she has rested a little, and had a cup of tea," said Mary cheerily.

"But perhaps she won't go."

"Oh, yes, she will," said Mary. "Poor Miss Abby! She is as gentle as a child."

Her words proved to be correct. Miss Abby Dabney suffered herself to be led unremonstratingly back to the institution at Tewkstown in which she had been placed, where the matron read her a shrill-voiced lecture, and declared she should not be allowed another grain of snuff if she couldn't behave better. Old Miss Abby smiled deprecatingly.

"They are peculiar people here," she said. "I think, my dear," to Mary Miller, "they forget sometimes I am a lady. But it takes all sorts, don't you see, to make a world."

The next night, however, just as Mary and her mother were sitting down to tea, Miss Abby once more appeared, in the midst of a gentle shower of rain.

"I hope I don't inconvenience anybody," she said meekly. "But that woman at Tewkstown has cut off my allowance of snuff, and, after all, there's no place like home."

And once more Mary Miller patiently walked back with the poor old crone. The matron was infuriated this time.

"It ain't in human natur' to stand this," she declared. "I'll put her in the Jug!"

"The Jug?" repeated Mary in surprise.

"It's a room where we shut up the troublesome cases," said the matron. "I can't stand this running-away business, and I won't!"

The Jug, perhaps, proved efficacious, for old Miss Abby Dabney did not appear again for a week. At the expiration of that period, however, she crept noiselessly in just at dusk, and seated herself like a silent shadow in the chimney-corner.

"It is so good to be at home again," said she, rubbing her wrinkled hands. "I somehow seem to get lost of late. Thomas is gone and Betsy is gone, and I'm left here all alone. Yes, a cup of tea, please—sugar and no milk. They never remember how I like my tea at Tewkstown. This is good; and butter on my bread, too! We don't get butter at Tewkstown."

Mary burst into tears.

"Mother," said she, "Miss Abby shall not go back to Tewkstown—she shall stay here! Mother, how should I feel if you were wandering friendless and alone through the world?"

"But, my dear——"

"She shall sleep in her own old room, out of the kitchen," persisted Mary. "She'll be no more trouble than a canary-bird. Oh, mother, do consent! She will think then that she is still in her own home. Oh, if you knew how dreary it is at that Tewkstown institution, with the grass all trampled out, and not so much as a dandelion or a daisy to be seen."

And Mrs. Miller yielded to Mary's tearful solicitations.

"Do as you please, my child," said she.

The Tewkstown authorities were but too glad to be rid of Miss Abbey, and she settled down into her old home as contentedly and unquestioningly as if she had never left it. She ate and drank but little; she talked still less; and seemed to regard Mrs. Miller and Mary as guests, who had come to visit the old farm.

One grey autumnal evening, Mary and her mother came back from a brisk walk to the village, and found a stalwart, sun-browned man, sitting opposite to Miss Abby, by the red glow of the fire.

The old woman rose up in an odd, uncertain way.

"Ladies," she said, fumbling in her old snuffbox, "this is my nephew, Cecil Dabney—he that ran awaw from home twenty-nine years ago come Michaelmas Day, and we all supposed was dead. Cecil, these are the ladies who are so good as to visit me here. I don't quite recollect their names; but then, my memory ain't as good as it used to be; and, after all, it don't matter much. Nothing matters much nowadays!"

And Miss Abby sat down and fell into a 'daze' again, as if all necessity for conversational efforts were over.

Cecil Dabney stood up—a bronzed, bearded giant, with dark eyes and superb stature.

"Ladies, I beg your pardon!" he said. "But I s'posed, when I came here, I was coming home! I knew nothing of all these changes. I never could have dreamed that my cousins would let this old creature go to the place they did. I don't know who you are, ladies," with a husky rattle in his throat, "but I thank you, from the very bottom of my heart, for giving her a shelter in her old age. And if money will pay you for it——"

"It will not!" said Mary sharply, as if the words conveyed a slur.

"No, I s'posed not," said Cecil with a sigh. "But I've plenty of money now. The dear old aunty shall live like a queen all the rest of her days, for she was good to me when all the rest set me down for a black sheep. I've made my fortune, and have come back home to redeem myself."

"I have heard of Cecil Dabney," said Mrs. Miller gently.

"And I'll venture you heard no good of me," said the giant with a short laugh.

"I'll not deny that I was a wild boy enough, but there wasn't any actual evil in me, let folks say what they would. And now I've come back a rich man, there's no one to bid me welcome home, except old Aunt Abby."

He could not long have made this statement, however.

All the town was up to bid the rich government contractor welcome to Tewkstown within twenty-four hours.

Aunt Abby was the only person for whom he seemed to care, and his greatest grief was that the old woman refused to leave the old Dabney farmhouse, to live in the stately mansion which he built. And then he asked permission to deck her little bedroom with the curiosities he had brought her, and in tacking up draperies and arranging shells and old silver coins he and Mary unconsciously became friends.

Friends! She never knew that it was anything else, until one day old Aunt Abby took a strange idea into her head. And Mary, holding a rich Oriental cord for Cecil Dabney to loop into knots for picture frames, heard her introduce Mrs. Miller to a neighbor as:

"My guest, Mrs. Miller, the mother of the young lady that Nephew Cecil is going to marry!"

Cecil looked at Mary. Mary dropped the ball of cord and turned crimson.

"Mary!" he said piteously, "say that it shall be so, for I love you! Yes, I love you, and I can't live without your love. And—and you were good to Aunt Abby when all the world turned against her. I sometimes think, Mary, that you must be like one of heaven's angels!

And this was how they became engaged.

They still live in the old farmhouse, the happiest of married lovers, and Aunt Abby firmly believes that they are all her guests; for to her the world stands eternally still—the world that is so full of bloom and beauty to Cecil.

UNDER WATER.—Photographing under water has actually been carried out, so it is said. Experiments were made in 1889, in the Mediterranean to ascertain how far daylight penetrated under water. In very clear water, near Corsica and eighteen miles from land, the limit of daylight was found by means of photographic plates, to be 1580 feet.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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HARD WORK.—"What is your secret?" asked a lady of Turner, the distinguished painter. He replied, "I have no secret, madam, but hard work." Says Doctor Arnold, "The difference between one man and another is not so much in talent as in energy."

"Nothing," says Reynolds, "is denied well-directed labor, and nothing is to be obtained without it." "Excellence in any department," says Johnson, "can now be attained by the labor of a lifetime, but is not to be purchased at a lesser price." "There is but one method," says Sydney Smith, "and that is hard labor; and a man who will not pay that price for distinction had better at once dedicate himself to the pursuit of the fox." "Step by step," reads the French proverb, "one goes very far."

"Nothing," says Mirabeau, "is impossible to the man who can will. This is the only law of success." "Have you ever entered a cottage, ever travelled in a coach, ever talked with a peasant in the field, or loitered with a mechanic at the loom," asked Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, "and not found that each of those men had a talent you had not, knew something you knew not?"

The most useless creature that ever yawned at a club, or idled in rags under the suns of Calabria, has no excuse for want of intellect. What men want is, not talent, but purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.

A DEADLY POISON.—Two eminent French chemists have succeeded in extracting a deadly poison, in the shape of a liquid, from human and animal breath. It is concluded that in the air of ill-ventilated rooms there is an accumulation of a deadly volatile principle, more dangerous than the carbonic acid which is always present. This discovery constitutes an additional reason why greater attention should be paid to the purification of the air of dwelling-houses, and especially of sleeping rooms, by a thoroughly scientific system of ventilation. We are reminded, by the announcement of the discovery of the poisonous nature of breath, of the very extraordinary occurrence that took place at the Old Bailey in 1750. Newgate Gaol, always in a very bad sanitary condition, had been crowded with prisoners, mostly discharged soldiers, on the close of the great Continental war. Smollett, a doctor of medicine, says in his history, that "the very air they breathed acquired a pestilential degree of putrefaction." The result, when the men were taken for trial to the Old Bailey, was fearfully tragic. The lord mayor, an alderman, two judges, several lawyers, most of the jury, and a large number of spectators, died from the effects of inhaling the poison reeking from the prisoners.

CAT AND DOG.—Some authors write with correctness, but lack the art of making their work readable, while others, like the writer of the following composition, violate the rules of grammar, but manage not to be dull.

"If there's no trees just near the dog get the cat in the corner of a door or two brick walls. Then the cat makes her body twice as big as what is flesh and bone by standing her hairs up strate, and she spits and sneezes all over the dog, so he can't see what he doing of. Then while he's clearin' his eyes a bit she scratches him in the nose, which you know, of all parts of the dog's flesh, its nose has got the littlest skin over it. You might say there is no skin, only a bit of meet. The dog feels just as if he was cought with a fishing hook, and he runs right away a-thinking to hisself as he thought the cat was a little one when he see it in the yard."

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FRESH PERIODICALS.

"The Eclectic" for June contains the cream of all the foreign magazines. Great care is shown in its selection and the character of the articles make the magazine altogether one of the most valuable extant. Published at New York.

"The Century" for June, like all its predecessors, is the perfection of magazine literature both as regards matter and manner. The articles are all of the freshest and most pointed interest, while the pictures are not excelled for number and beauty anywhere. Published at New York.

LANGUAGE OF HENS.—Very tame hens frequently show a desire to talk in their own way, and it is often possible to make out their meaning.

"One day a Cochin hen," writes a chicken fancier, "came and stood in front of me, looked me full in the face, and complained loudly of something I could not translate further. Patient investigation revealed that one end of her perch had dropped down, and Mrs. Buff had no idea of sleeping on an inclined plane.

"Another time a nervous little Leghorn met me at the hen-house door, fairly screaming and jumping with excitement. I understood from the cackle which finished each sentence that she had been disturbed on her nest. I did not wonder at her new powers of cackling when I found the nest occupied by a cat and three small kittens.

"When the chickens first begin to move in the egg, just before hatching, the mother hen sings to them a low, crooning song, very sweet and never heard at any other time.

"A friend tells me that her canary startled her one day by an entirely new call. It was so plainly, 'Come here—quick!' that she hurried to the cage to find a big cat, with its face pressed against the window pane, staring in at poor Ned—a danger sufficiently great to account for the call."

LEARNED FROM THE EGYPTIANS.—The ancient Egyptians were skilled in the art of tanning leather, and manufactured it in various ways and for various purposes besides that of furnishing covering for the foot. Indeed, it is to those builders of the Pyramids that we are indebted for the first artistic forms of foot wear, and so far as can be ascertained from history and the researches of archæologists, the Egyptians were the first shoemakers worthy of the name.

It is a fact, too, that tanners of to-day employ very much the same methods as did the ancients. About the same materials are used, and the processes are almost precisely similar to those in vogue hundreds of years ago. It is true that tanners of the present day have found means of greatly shortening the time required to convert a hide into leather, and that steam power and modern machinery have done much to expedite and improve the process of finishing the leather; but, after all, the principles of tanning remain the same as they have from the first.

HOW TO LIVE LONG.—A man, 124 years old, is living in the town of Belgorod, Russia. His name is Bogdan Nitchinorenko. He is still hale and hearty, only his hearing is somewhat impaired. He ascribes his old age to his manner of living. At the age of 25 he became ill, and as there were no physicians in the neighborhood, a Tartar practitioner, or "wise man," was engaged to cure him. For three weeks he was under the Znakhar's treatment until his health was restored.

Parting from him the Znakhar told him that if he wished to live long he must never eat any old or stale food. For fear lest he should fall ill again, Nitchinorenko observed this rule scrupulously. He ate nothing but spring fowl, veal, or lamb, and never touched a piece off an old animal. Even garden fruit he ate only when it was quite young and fresh.

A VERITABLE JEWEL.—Who dares say a word against the old maid of the present—that admirable philosopher who alone knows the secret of comfort and peaceful living? In her own quiet way she has a good time, and when some folks are thinking how staid and unsentimental she is, her thoughts are drifting back to days full of romance and picnics and balls and moonlight walks. For say what some people may about the old maid, there is a warm corner in her heart for the sentiment of life—sentiment all the purer because it has been chastened by years of unselfishness.

We all know what an angel a nice old maid is about the house; how she discourages disorder, and keeps things to rights, in spite of youthful carelessness and paternal forgetfulness. She is the arbitrator of disputes and the dove of peace; the awe of the servants and the friend of everybody. When there is a family contention as to what kind of dress the daughter shall have or what kind of hats the boys shall get, or what food shall be bought for dinner, or what people shall be invited to the reception, or what time the baby shall be taken out to ride, or anything else, it is the subdued, positive voice of the old maid that quells the discussion, and asserts the conclusion of all dissenting opinions. Yes, she is a jewel, is the old maid!

HEIGHTS OF THE TALLEST MEN.—Turner, the naturalist, declared that he once saw, upon the coast of Brazil, a race of gigantic savages, one of whom was 12 feet in height. M. Thevel, of France, in his description of America, published at Paris in 1575, asserted that he saw and measured the skeleton of a South American which was 11 feet 2 inches in length.

The Chinese are said to claim that in the last century there were men in their country who measured 15 feet in height. Josephus mentioned the case of a Jew who was 10 feet 2 inches in height.

Pliny tells of an Arabian giant, Gabara, 9 feet 9 inches, the tallest man in the days of Claudius.

John Middletown, born at Hale, in Lancashire, in the time of James I. was 9 feet 3 inches in height; his hand was 17 inches long and 8½ inches broad, says Dr. Platt in a "History of Staffordshire." The Irish giant, Murphy, contemporary with O'Brien was 8 feet 10 inches.

A skeleton in the Museum of Trinity College, Dublin, is 8 feet 6 inches in height, and that of Charles Byrne, in the Museum of the College of Surgeons, London, is 8 feet 4 inches. The tallest living man is Chang-tu-Sing, the Chinese giant. His height is 7 feet 3 inches.

DEVELOPED BY A CANARY.—The song of a canary made Ludwig Spohr a musician. His father played on a flute; his mother was a pianist and a singer; so that the boy lived in an atmosphere of music. One day, when he was four years of age, a thunderstorm so impressed him that he retired to a corner of the room, sat down on the floor, and looked in mournful silence straight before him. Suddenly the roof of clouds that had darkened the sky was rent asunder by a sunbeam, which as it entered the room fell upon the cage of a canary hanging before the window. The bird turned its little head up to the beam, hopped from one perch to the other and then warbled a joyous song. The boy, awakened by the bird's trills from his semi-stupor, listened with passionate rapture. The tones touched nerve and brain; his heart throbbed in musical pulsations, and at that moment all his world opened before him. He never ceased to hear that canary's ringing trills, which then and there revealed to him his vocation.

WORK A BLESSING.—Constant labor is wearying and spirit-crushing, to be sure; yet better that than idleness-begotten vice. If proof were needed of the beneficial results of labor, we should find it in the life of different nations. In the tropical countries, where nature scatters her bounties with unsparing hand, where clothing and shelter are almost unnecessary, and where fruits hang, as in the Garden of Eden, from every tree—here, in favored lands, we find the people ignorant, uncivilized, degraded. Indeed, the date-palm has been called the curse of the countries in which it thrives, inasmuch as it supplies food without money and without price. Take away from a race the necessity of supplying their own food, and of providing for their future needs, and you take away all desire for knowledge, all aspiration for higher and better things.

SUPERSTITION.—Superstition seldom brings us glad tidings, only evil ones; being of pain and sorrow rather than of pleasure and joy. The banshee and the deathwatch, ravens croaking and magpies flying above your head, the curse that clings to Friday, and the ill-luck that attends on all undertakings begun on that day—but no corresponding good luck promised to all undertaken on any other day—spilt salt and "coffins" blown into your lap from the fire, funerals met inopportunely, with other matters still of deeper import and graver bearing, all help to make us miserable slaves to the tyrant Superstition when once we have allowed his power to be consolidated and our souls are delivered up into his keeping. So we may say of everything which is not pure reason and calm, comprehensive judgment.

DURING the year 1891 4207 vessels passed through the Suez Canal, and of these only twenty-six carried the American flag.

A JAPANESE DINNER.—A grand dinner-party in Japan is a very formidable thing indeed. According to Sir Edwin Arnold the guests are surrounded by twenty or thirty dishes, of which you may partake as often as you please, and just when you please. You may leave off and chat, he says, and begin at the beginning again if you like. Even after everyone has had enough, the substantial part of the meal only commences—for the Japanese. The wine is removed and a big white tub is brought in filled with hot boiled rice. Along with it fresh tea arrives once more and then each native guest will eat two bowls of rice, and then another soaked with tea. It is hard to see where the enjoyment comes in.

FISHING IN THE RED SEA.—The old Arab geographers describe a way of taking fish from the waters of the Red Sea which must have been convenient for the people of that region, if it were not very ingenious. The people supply themselves from the sea without craft, or without standing upon the shore. They use, while swimming or diving, little nets which they themselves make of woven grass. They tie these to their feet, and by slip-knots and lashings held in their hands they draw fast the snare when they feel that a fish has entered it. All this they do with exceeding art, and with a cunning bred by long experience. They also teach land reptiles to drive their prey.

TRAVELING BEES.—The distances traversed by bees in pursuit of honey are surprising to a person unfamiliar with the habits of these busy workers. A bookkeeper one morning dredged the backs of his bees with flour as they were leaving the hives. He did this by preconcerted arrangement with a friend who had a fine clover field in bloom forty miles away. The day following the experiment he received a letter from this friend, stating, "There are plenty of your white-jacket bees here in my clover." It was truly a wonderful instinct that sent the bees so far from home in quest of honey.

DIDN'T WISH TO EXAGGERATE.—A party of commercial travellers on the road were boasting about the magnitude of the houses they represented, when one, who was the last to speak, said—

"Gentlemen, I wouldn't like to tell you anything about the size of our premises, or the stock we carry, or the number of people we employ, because you might think I was exaggerating. But when we took stock of our employes last week we found that six cashiers and three bookkeepers had absconded three months before and had never been missed!"

ELECTRICITY.—Electricity has been applied to establish the state of a horse's foot. Usage is to put one pole of a battery in contact with the inside of the hoof, the other pole in contact with the iron shoe. If the hoof has been pierced with a nail to the quick, the horse will feel the electric current and become irritated; in the other case, the current cannot pass through the foot.

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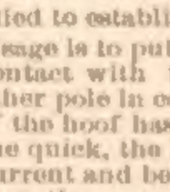

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Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY.

Its cheapness and usefulness would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

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Love met me once, then turned to go—
Was gone so soon I could not know
His eyes of flame, his wings of snow.

And time passed on; first, days of tears;
Then helpful, happy, hopeful years,
Unstirred by passions or by fears.

And still I strove that when, some day,
That vagrant Love should come to stay,
I might be worthier ever way.

At last he paused beside my door,
As blithe, as gay as long before—
"Ah! enter, Love, and stray no more!"

He shook his head. Alas! for he
Had never meant to visit me,
But my young neighbor, fair to see.

—U. N. Nose.

Taking It all In.

The telephone takes everybody's word.

"Please pass the butter," a man requested, when arranging at the station to send his goat by rail.

"The only way to prevent what's past," said Mrs. Muldoon, "is to put a stop to it before it happens."

Sunday-school teacher: "What is the conscience?" Bright boy: "It's wot makes you sorry w'en you get found out."

Mrs. Tomdick: "Are you not afraid, with Mr. Hojack away so much?" Mrs. Hojack: "Oh, not at all. The policeman on this beat is engaged to my cook."

"So your son John has got religion?" "Well, he hasn't exactly got religion, so to speak, but he is beginning to wait at the church door for his girl every Sunday night."

"I can take a hundred words a minute," said the stenographer. "I often take more than that," remarked the other in sorrowful accents; "but then I have to. I'm married."

"I don't see you with Kidder as much as I used to," said Porter. "No; there are some lengths to which I cannot go even with Kidder," said Munson. "What's he done now?" "Gone and died!"

"Shall I buy you a bird, Reginald?" "Yes, please." "What kind of a bird would you like?" "One with a bweast like a wobin, a tail like a peacock, a voice like a wooster that can talk like a parwot."

Excited young married man: "Is this where they swear people?" Commissioner for oaths: "Yes, sir. What can I do for you?" Excited individual: "I want to take an oath never to put down another carpet!"

"Doctor," said the sufferer supinely, as he dropped into the dentist's chair, "my nerve is completely gone." "Oh, no, it isn't," was the cheerful reply. "Wait till I set a firm hold and you'll realize your mistake."

"Your arm is misplaced, sir," said Amy, rebukingly, to young Hunker, who had encircled her waist. "Yes," replied the unabashed young man; "it would not have been placed there if you had not been a miss."

"Sintinced fer loife, d'yez say? Arrah, thin, if the judge had his eyes about him he might ha' seen that Dinnis was that delicate that he'd niver live to serve out a loife sintince, even if it was only for three years."

"Rufus," said the guest, "are you aware that a colored waiter fell dead in a New York restaurant just after he had received a tip?" "Dat's all right, sah," answered Rufus, "I done got religion no month'n fo' days ago."

Customer, at bird store: "You can vouch for this parrot, I presume." Dealer: think I can, ma'am. He lived for nearly six years in a Boston family." Parrot: "Horray fur John L. Sullivan! He's the boy for beans!"

Mr. Fizzletop was under the painful necessity of administering a severe castigation to his son Johnny. After he had completed his labors, he said sternly to the suffering victim: "Now tell me why I punished you." "That's it," sobbed Johnny: "you nearly pound the life out of me, and now you don't even know why you did it."

There was an important election some years ago in Alabama. A negro whose vote before had always been in demand stood at the polls all day long, evidently awaiting something. As the sun went down his anxiety became intense. The polls were about to close. Suddenly he drew himself up with a deal of dignity, saying: "Gentlemen, I'se about to vote. Does any gentleman wish to speak to me?"

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

Some ladies firmly believe that nothing is fit to wear that has not been bought ready made, and so they pay large sums of money simply for "style," when a little thought and the exercise of what some call "faculty" and others "gumption" would result in the possession of many pretty things at small cost, and the amount thus saved would pay for a sealskin jacket in a year.

In the first place there are bonnets. The present styles make it the easiest thing in the world for a lady to have several bonnets instead of one if her economy runs that way. The straws and jet frames are so ornate in themselves that a scrap of ribbon, a bit of old lace washed and ironed or one spray of flowers or a tuft of feathers will trim them lavishly, and they are just as pretty as those one buys. If you prefer flat trimming there is no law this season, that says you shan't have it. If you want it high none will object except perhaps the man behind you at the theater.

If you are going to the seashore get a pretty colored silk handkerchief and twist it around and knot the ends like the one in the illustration, and tack it lightly over a little frame, which will cost you fifteen cents. Perhaps you have the handkerchief, and in that case your pretty toque will cost you next to nothing, as the handkerchief is not injured. Some of these new embroidered silk handkerchiefs would make pretty toques, and they do not wilt or spoil in sea air. They are very convenient in traveling, as one may sleep in them without hurting them in the least, and they are far more womanly and becoming than those abominable cloth caps with visors which were worn last season.

DAINTY HOMEMADE BONNETS.

The month of June is the month of brides, and, while speaking of headgear, suppose I give the newest in bridal wreaths. But these are not wreaths, properly speaking, since the orange blossoms are separated into little tufts and each one is fastened in under a puff of hair or a curl and the long tulle veil is pinned to the top of the head by hair-pins, each having a tiny tuft of orange blossoms. The veil hangs to the bottom of the dress, front and back, and is not hemmed, but instead has a row of wax pearl beads sewn to the edge about an inch apart, which makes a pretty finish.

White and cream moire is the present fancy for a bride's gown, and the skirt is made entirely plain, usually, though, some who possess old lace can have it festooned around the bottom or draped on the waist. A very pretty way to drape lace over a bridal costume is made in the form of a Berthe, a bias fold of white corded silk or taffie being laid in plaits on the shoulder and brought down to the waist in front. Beneath this the lace is fastened and it goes straight across the shoulders in the back. Bridal gowns are high in the neck, and the corsage can be made perfectly plain and the Berthe giving sufficient ornamentation.

Another very handsome accessory to feminine toilet is the fichu. It can be made double, so as to come down in the back, or it can have simply the front. If double it should be opened on the left shoulder. It is made of oriental lace, with bows of ribbon on the shoulders. It also could be made of chiffon striped silk mull, or any material best liked, and the bows should be of black velvet suitable for any costume, or arranged so that they could be changed to match different costumes. A bow with loops and ends would be pretty at the bottom.

Odds and Ends.

OF SOMETHING FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Useful Hints.—A simple and effectual penwiper is made of common bird shot. Any little china or bronze jar will do for the receptacle, and it may be as picturesque as fancy dictates. Fill it with the shot, and to clean the pen thrust it up and down among the little leaden balls. No chamois or cloth penwiper polishes the steel so effectually and readily as this. The little jar of shot will also act as a paper weight if needed.

Butter, and those sauces containing eggs should never boil, but just come up to a cream. Remove instantly.

If possible, have double kettles to cook all grains. The price of one can be saved in a short time by the saving of what usually sticks to the kettle when cooked in the ordinary way.

Ice is now used to preserve cut flowers. Put your bunch of roses in the refrigerator over night. Salt and ice are said to answer even better than ice alone.

Japanese Fritters.—A Japanese fritter is made precisely the same as a cream fritter from a cream puff paste fried. Put one-half a pint of water and two ounces of butter on to boil, then add four ounces of flour; stir until you have a thick paste; take from the fire and add, one at a time four eggs, mixing and beating each before the other is added; drop this mixture by teaspoonfuls into hot fat, serve with a powdered sugar or with a sauce.

Strawberries en Deguiser.—Make vanilla ice cream and let it become quite hard. Before serving, line small half pint bowls or molds with the cream. Fill the centre with strawberries, packing them in closely nearly to the top, and fill the space with cream. Cover with the cream. Let it stand in a mixture of ice and salt for 10 or 20 minutes, or until chilled, but not icy. Then turn out on fancy dishes and serve at once.

Sheet Gingerbread.—One cup cream, one cup molasses, one cup sugar, one teaspoon soda, one teaspoon ginger, one teaspoon lemon. Mix with flour to roll out half an inch thick. Spread it on a baking sheet. Mark in strips and bake quickly.

A Delicious Almond Cream is made by mixing half a pint of cream with a pint of milk; sweeten to taste, add five yolks of eggs and three whites, with an ounce of chopped almonds. Stir over the fire in a porcelain bowl or pipkin placed in a saucepan of boiling water until it thickens. Serve in custard cups.

Baked Potatoes with Dumplings.—Pare and wash the potatoes; make some good paste into balls, about the same size as the potatoes, then place them alternately with the potatoes in a pie dish, previously buttered; add a little onion, finely chopped, and sufficient water to about half fill the dish; season with pepper and salt, which should be mixed with the water; cover with a flat dish and bake them.

Newmarket Pudding.—One pint grated bread, one cup sugar, one tablespoon butter, four eggs (yelks.) Soak the bread one hour. When baked add a layer of jelly over the top, then cover with a meringue made of the whites of the eggs and half a cup of sugar. Brown slightly.

Cocoanut Cream.—One pint cream, half ounce gelatine, one large cocoanut, ten ounces castor sugar, two lemons, a few drops of cochineal, one glass of brandy. Well whisk the cream, add to it the sugar and white of the cocoanut, very finely grated, also the milk of the nut and the gelatine, previously dissolved, then the brandy and juice of two lemons. Color a little pink, pour it into the top of the mold and when set pour in the white cream and stand on ice.

Almond Cakes.—Procure one pound of ground almonds, to which add two pounds of powdered sugar, mixing the whole with the whites of nine eggs, beating the mixture well with a wooden spoon for about ten minutes; lay them out upon wafer paper of an oval shape with a tablespoon; put three or four strips of almonds upon the top of each, and bake them in a slow oven; when done, break away all the wafer paper but that which adheres to the bottom of the paper; when cold, are ready for use.

Chocolate Macaroons.—Put three ounces of plain chocolate in a pan and let it melt; then work it to a thick paste with one pound of powdered sugar and the whites of three eggs. Roll the mixture down to the thickness of about one quarter of an inch, cut it in small round pieces with a paste cutter; butter a pan slightly and dust it with flour and sugar in equal quantities; place in it the pieces of paste and bake in a hot but not quick oven.

"I HOLD you in the highest respect," he said as he pressed her hand. "I know it," she said, and then with a blush she added: "It is the only way in which you do hold me." That settled it.

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